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Sex Puritanism in Russia

by Charmion von Wiegand



Our Super-Babbitt *a Recantation*

by Robert Herrick

H. L. Mencken on "The Adams Family"

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ENCOURAGING AND SURPRISING is the Italian answer to M. Briand's proposal for a United States of Europe. Coming from the Government of Mussolini it is nothing less than startling to find this document pointing out to the French that the true basis for such a new organization of Europe should not be security but disarmament. While willing to join in the discussion of the proposal, the Italians wish it understood that they favor no organization which will overlap, or interfere with, the League of Nations, in its important task of wiping out the last remaining demarcation between the victors and vanquished. More than that, Italy demands that the Soviet government and Turkey be likewise included from the very beginning, lest their exclusion at the first make it difficult or impossible to get them into the union at another time. The note also takes the part of the smaller nations and insists on equal representation of every state on a single council, so that there shall be "conditions of absolute equality between all the states." Of course, there is a safeguarding clause that "federal ties must not in the slightest harm the sovereign right of member states," and there is the heartiest approval of the French proposal that the new league should be based "on the idea of union and not on the idea of unity." This is genuine and enlightened statesmanship. But how can it be reconciled with the utterances of Mussolini himself?

MUSSOLINI, for example, has just spoken out regarding the peace treaties, and Europe wonders what he has in mind. "The nations which emerged victorious from the war," he writes in an article in a Paris newspaper, "are not satisfied with what victory has given them, and before tranquillity is restored the retouching of the pacts, which are at the base of European relations, must take place." This is rather cryptic. Does Mussolini mean that the victors got too little plunder and must have some more? Or does he mean that the Allies got a few things they would be better off without, and now want to be rid of them? Or is the declaration only Mussolini's way of saying that Italy is not satisfied and that its hunger must be appeased? The French press inclines to the latter interpretation, incidentally showing a good deal of chagrin over the way in which Mussolini has led off on a great issue, and much concern over the prospect that Italy may desert its former Allies and go in for a little international readjustment on its own account. The situation is interesting because of the systematic efforts which Italy is making to strengthen its influence in the Balkans and its refusal to yield on the question of naval parity with France. It is difficult to think of Italy as very altruistic about the peace settlement when one remembers the secret treaty that brought it into the World War, but revision would be welcome even from Italy if it meant the righting of grievous wrongs.

AIDED BY HIS SUCCESS in wresting from Congress the money he asked for the Wickersham commission and a revision—however small—of the pension bill, Mr. Hoover has addressed the extra session of the Senate with a statement of his views, badly written as usual, but with some force, stressing chiefly the threat of a race in armaments if the treaty should not be ratified. Why that should be inevitable we cannot see. By no section of the American public has Mr. Hoover been told that it desires a naval armament race if this treaty cannot be ratified. Nor has any other politician had such a message. The treaty itself is pitifully inadequate at best, and at worst an enormous and unnecessary expense. But the opposition in the Senate, for example, the big navy men, everywhere bases its fight on the "betrayal" of the nation by our yielding too much to the others. We do not believe that these jingoes will succeed and we are delighted that the President continues to show an aggressive spirit, in marked contrast, by the way, with his timidity as to the necessary dismissal of the besmirched Republican National Chairman, Claudio Huston. As for the session of Congress which has just expired, it did little honor to itself or the country and will for years to come be branded with the shame of the Hawley-Smoot tariff bill.

THE TARIFF POT ought to boil vigorously now that requests for rate revision have multiplied at home and retaliation is taking shape abroad. Mr. Hoover had hardly had time to sign the tariff bill when the Senate

adopted Senator Borah's resolution asking the Tariff Commission to investigate the new rates on some seventeen classes of articles, from shoes, furniture, wire fencing, and cement to shovels, rakes, scythes, corn knives, and drainage tools. On July 1, at the solicitation of Senator Bingham of Connecticut, it added lace to the list, and on the same day accommodated Senator Goldsborough of Maryland by including umbrellas, parasols, and parts thereof. This should keep the commission busy for a time. Meanwhile Ogden L. Mills, Undersecretary of the Treasury, who slipped off to Paris just on a vacation, you know, to feel the pulse of France and other countries under the new tariff stimulus, had the pleasure of learning en route that Italy had jacked up its duties on imported motor cars, most of which come from America, from 100 to 167 per cent, and that fourteen British financiers of the first order had come out for reciprocal trade agreements between the members of the British Empire, with duties on "all imports from other countries." As the farmers seem unable to discover any benefit, actual or prospective, from a tariff of 42 cents a bushel on wheat, and American foreign trade keeps right on going down hill, the Republican campaign pledge which Congress has so nobly fulfilled should give Mr. Hoover something to think about this summer on his proposed trip to the West.

SECRETARY HYDE is a great man. After first telling the country in a radio speech what a "distinct gain" the new tariff offers to agriculture, he turns on the wheat-growers and announces bluntly that if they want better prices for their wheat they must reduce their acreage and cut production costs. What is more, they must do this not for the coming season but for "the next six to ten years." It is gospel truth, of course, but it is discouraging doctrine to preach to people who have been brought up to believe that agriculture is the foundation of national prosperity, and that nothing but the Republican Party can keep them from being ruined by low-wage labor abroad; and it certainly does not seem to fit in very well with the grandiose plan of buying up huge quantities of wheat and holding it to steady the market. Already the Governor of Kansas is out to fight the proposal; the soil of Kansas, he is reported as declaring, is adapted only to wheat (we had thought, until His Excellency spoke, that Kansas grew pretty good corn), and unless wheat can be grown the farmers will have to go back to cattle-raising. We look for lively times when Secretary Hyde and Mr. Legge, chairman of the Federal Farm Board, who takes the same view of the matter, undertake to convert the inhabitants of the wheat belt.

MR. MULROONEY HIMSELF went to the funeral of Gonzalo Gonzales, Mexican Communist shot to death by a policeman in New York City on June 28, and heard "New York's finest" called bad names by Communist orators. The new Police Commissioner of New York, when asked how long he would permit the funeral orators to go on, replied, "Until they get tired." This, we submit, is as good a principle for a police commissioner in dealing with the "red" menace as could be found in a day's walk. The funeral went off without any fireworks except those illegally purchased by small children to celebrate the Glorious Fourth. The police stood around; Mr. Mulrooney was invited to purchase some Communist leaflets; the Communist orators

orated; their followers and the more curious of Harlem's population listened. After a while everybody went home. Both at the funeral of Gonzales and at that of Alfred Luro, a Negro declared by the Communists to have been beaten to death by the police a week earlier, there was no trouble between the police and the demonstrators. While not excusing in any respect the violence of the policemen at whose hands these two men met their death—if Luro did—we wish to commend Commissioner Mulrooney for refusing to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Whalen, who found that Communist demonstrations—accompanied by all the appurtenances of police war—seemed somehow to result in trouble. Mr. Mulrooney is willing to avoid trouble. Every New Yorker should thank him for it.

THE SUPREME COURT of California has rendered its decision on the pardon petition of Warren K. Billings, now in his fourteenth year at San Quentin prison for the killing of ten persons in a Preparedness Day parade in 1916. The court refuses the pardon, and Billings and his companion, Tom Mooney, also refused a pardon by the California State Pardon Board, will continue to sojourn at San Quentin. After declaring that Billings made no attempt to "make an affirmative showing that in relation to the Preparedness Day tragedy" he was an innocent—or in less legal language that he merely tried to prove his innocence in the bomb-throwing by showing that the testimony which convicted him was perjured—the decision points out that Billings kept bad company. He was "the friend and associate of an organized group of persons . . . engaged in plotting, attempting, and even executing crimes of violence against both property and persons . . ." And therefore, in a final burst of judicial reasoning,

It is fairly inferable from his past and present affiliations that Warren K. Billings was familiar with the plots and plans of this group of his most intimate associates, and this being so it is an almost irresistible conclusion that if Warren K. Billings did not himself prepare and plant the deadly time bomb of the Preparedness Day disaster, he and his intimate associates and codefendant, Mooney, know, and have always known who did . . .

Unfortunately Billings and his codefendant Mooney are not serving life terms for being familiar with plots and plans, or even for knowing who threw the fatal bomb, but for murder in the first degree. With such a capacity for making irresistible inferences, the court ought not to have overlooked that important fact.

SI X DEATHS SO FAR make up the toll of race riot since July 4 in Emelle, Alabama, a small town near the Mississippi border. Trouble started in a quarrel over payment for the battery of a car, and a Negro shot down a white man. The Negro escaped, but his brother fell into the hands of the mob, which held him till night, then took him to the woods and hanged him to a tree. Not content with that, the sheriff and deputies, who arrived later, pushed on with the mob to the cabin of the lynched man's uncle, demanded to search it, and were met with gunfire which killed a member of the posse. Thereupon the crowd stormed the cabin, fired it, and shot the Negro. Since then roving bands have searched the countryside for four other Negroes, all members of the same family, and one of them the man

who did the killing for which his brother was lynched. Two innocent Negroes, one a woman, both entirely unconnected with the quarrel, have been killed in the course of the search. Ten lynchings was the previous record in the South this year: three in Texas, two in South Carolina, two in Georgia, one in Florida, one in Mississippi, and one in Oklahoma. Now Alabama has added its share to a story already grim enough. Meanwhile, in Texas there is a ray of encouragement. We commented last week on the courageous way in which the sheriff of Beaumont prevented the lynching of a Negro who had confessed to eight assaults on white women. Since then a Texas lawyer who refused to accept the assignment of the Criminal District Court to defend this Negro has been fined \$250 and remanded to jail for contempt of court, after which he agreed to take the case.

PLAINLY THE RUSSIANS are affected by the same inability to understand conditions abroad which was so largely responsible for the downfall of Germany. Thus *Pravda*, one of the leading Moscow dailies, announces that this is the time for the new Communist leadership in the United States to battle actively for the world revolution. It is to take advantage of the stock-market crash, the unemployment, and the dire plight of the farmer to proselyte vigorously for the Communist millennium. Stalin, too, is quoted as saying that "the Communist Party in America is one of those few in the world on which history imposes problems of decisive importance." We beg leave to differ with the Russian dictator. The Bolsheviks should understand that we have had industrial crises in America before this without their leading to serious political or revolutionary developments and that in times like these the American who has a job is by no means anxious to jeopardize it by going in for political agitation. The only way the Soviets can hope to further communism is by making a success of their economic system at home; everything else they do, like this *Pravda* editorial, merely strengthens the hands of the reactionaries and red-baiters. Stalin ought to be the more willing to leave the rest of the world alone because he has again scored tremendous success in the Communist Party convention, has made his opponents publicly humiliate themselves and recant, and is now as firmly in the saddle as dictator of Russia as Mussolini is in Italy. In addition he was able to report that Russian industry had doubled in two years and that agriculture was 14 per cent above the pre-war level.

SOME OF US are old enough to recall the horror that swept this country a third of a century ago when news drifted up from Cuba of the cruel Spanish policy of collecting the Cubans into concentration camps. There will be no such wave of horror at the news from Nicaragua. In the first place, the American newspapers do not print news from Nicaragua, except Marine Corps propaganda; in the second place, we have grown callous as a nation. But the fact is that the marines, unable to conquer the proud patriots who are still in revolt in northern Nicaragua, and faced by the unanimous hostility of the countryside, have adopted the extreme measure of ordering all the country people to flock into the towns where the "National Guard," officered by Marine Corps men, can watch them. *El Sol* of Tegucigalpa, Honduras, for June 4 prints the proclamation issued on

May 17 by Colonel Robert Denig of the National Guard, declaring in the name of President Moncada and by virtue of the state of martial law in the Segovias that the entire civil population within a designated area is ordered to move by June 1 into Jicaro, Jalapa, Quilali, San Juan de Telpaneco, Telpaneco, or Palacaguina; and anyone found within the prohibited zone after that date will be treated as a bandit, which is to say, shot. The civilian exiles are ordered to present themselves to the local chief of the National Guard, who will find them lodging and work. It sounds to us extremely like the introduction by the United States of the Spanish system which once stirred us to such indignation.

WE ARE GLAD to know that the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin is to continue, and that its sponsors consider it a success. It was inevitable that such a radical departure from educational orthodoxy should have given rise to persistent rumors of failure, dissension, and impending dissolution. Effective answer to these rumors is to be found in the university Bulletin for 1930-31. In this Bulletin President Glenn Frank sets forth succinctly and interestingly the aims of the college, its educational technique, and the apparent results so far—though he is careful to point out that since the college has been in operation only three years it is too early to draw any final conclusions. The samples given under the title of What Parents Say are especially significant and encouraging. More than one parent is of the opinion that his son, during his two years at the Experimental College, has learned to think. Two such opinions would justify the hopeful tone in which President Frank announces the program for the fourth year. There will be places for eighty-four freshmen this fall. Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn will, of course, continue as chairman.

NOT OFTEN DOES THE DEATH of a Congressman call forth such expressions of regret and sorrow both in Europe and the United States as has that of Representative Stephen G. Porter, of Pennsylvania. This was, of course, not because he was a veteran of ten consecutive terms in Congress, but because he had made himself an authority on foreign affairs and because he became, after the World War, the leading authority in official life on the illegal use of narcotics. Secretary Stimson has testified that as soon as Porter joined the House Committee on Foreign Affairs he qualified himself by studying more remote parts of the Far East and South America, with the result that he acquired "a rare understanding of our foreign problems" and was regularly consulted by every Secretary of State from 1911 on for his unbiased judgment—especially in Philippine and Chinese matters. But the work for which he deserves a monument was his magnificent leadership in the fight against opium. There he was not only an ardent and uncompromising fighter; he had completely mastered the subject and was equaled in fervor and knowledge by only one or two persons. To those Americans like Ellen La Motte who are waging this noble fight Mr. Porter's death must be a stunning blow. Dr. Harvey Wiley, who died full of years, had also deserved well of his country for his thirty years of warfare in behalf of pure foods in his position as Chief of the Bureau of Chemistry of the Department of Agriculture. It is impossible to overestimate what he did along these lines.

The Right to Revolution

WILL the right to revolt survive? The Declaration of Independence, as most Americans have forgotten, expressly declared that ". . . whenever any Form of Government becomes destructive of these ends [the right to life, liberty, the pursuit of happiness, and government by consent of the governed] it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute new Government . . ." All over the world the right to rebellion has been and is recognized by everybody save those actually in control of governments. It has been accepted as a matter of course and all successful revolutionists have been acclaimed as heroes and servants of humanity, whereas the unsuccessful have been consigned to the firing squad and contumely. But recent events have caused many to wonder whether the new technique of despots, and the increasingly centralized power of all governments, is not in a fair way to rob the people of their historic right to throw off any government which seems to them intolerable.

That modern inventions have played into the hands of governments nobody will deny. The growing destructiveness of these inventions in the field of warfare tends to strengthen those in power. The bombing ability of airplanes, the use of gas and of tanks augment tremendously the odds in favor of the in's and against the out's. Even more so do the modern press and the modern methods of communication—motor cars, telephone, radio, wireless. When all portions of a country can be explored either by reporters or the spies of authority flying from boundary to boundary in a few hours the possibility of concealing revolutionary preparations becomes slight indeed. The patriots at Concord and Lexington could not have hidden many supplies had British airplanes constantly watched them from overhead. When Washington started his march to Yorktown he crossed the Hudson at Dobbs Ferry, not twenty-five miles from British headquarters. Yet his troops were well through New Jersey before definite knowledge of this movement roused the British in New York City to action. Concealment of troop movements when war has begun can still be achieved, but our Southern and Western States, if they should decide to revolt against the Union, could not do in the way of preparation what the incipient Confederacy did so easily in 1860-61.

If we look abroad the point we are seeking to make becomes even plainer. No serious person believes, today, that there is any likelihood of organized revolt against Mussolini. Some day his whole regime may collapse in a violent convulsion akin to chaos, but the future surely holds in store no new Garibaldi to campaign with a thousand or a hundred thousand. In Russia, too, it appears as if the present dictators could be overthrown only by some great disaster or by complete economic collapse. Vast spaces there are enough in Russia; as far as distance and lack of communications are concerned it might be possible to stage an old-fashioned revolt; but there is surely no opportunity to acquire in advance all the food supplies and the military equipment necessary.

But what of India? That country is today the most

interesting on the globe, for the reason that a very old yet new technique of revolution is now being used there which may prove that the Indians, at least, still possess that right of rebellion which our forefathers prized above all else. If non-resistance to physical acts on the part of the overlords, coupled with absolute disobedience, can break down a government that rules without the consent of the governed, the greatest lesson in its history will have been taught the world. Despots will certainly tremble everywhere if they find that airplanes, tear gas, police staves, rifles, and machine-guns are of no avail against a people which welcomes prison and courts death and suffering in preference to the continuance of a regime it detests. You cannot massacre a whole people; not even soldiers can continue for very long to shoot down unresisting men who bare their bosoms to the fatal lead. Certainly England today holds her Indian Empire by the most tenuous of strings; the only question is whether there is sufficient determination and solidarity to go on with the protests and the sacrifice.

Moreover, it is not only the active non-resistance of the Indians—to write an apparent contradiction—which counts. Little by little the English are being forced into an ignoble and an impossible situation. They are insisting upon holding a country which they won by a victory over a third nation; they know that the country is overwhelmingly against them; they are bewildered because the people they dominate refuse to take them at their valuation. They cannot understand that one little man whom they have placed behind bars exercises an authority far beyond their own and has achieved the love of millions they cannot win; they cannot understand why force no longer avails, or the wholesale arrests with which they have filled their jails. They have proscribed the National Congress as an illegal organization; some of their myrmidons have banned the Gandhi cap which even the children are wearing. Nothing avails. There is here a clash not only of civilizations, of national points of view, but of a greater philosophy with a lesser—that of Christ who refused to lift one finger to save himself; who put all his faith in the things of the spirit and the refusal to do evil that good might come therefrom.

Perhaps what is demanded here can only be achieved by a nation like that of the Indians with their mysticism, their spirituality, their faith, their peculiar beliefs, their history. Perhaps; but our faith in the eventual all-conquering nature of Gandhi's weapons is complete. How pitiful it is that Ramsay MacDonald and his Government cannot see it! How disturbing it must be to all members of the Labor Party who are at the same time followers of conscience and lovers of humanity when they read of the police beating unresisting persons until foreign correspondents can look on no longer; when they read that their agents are using all the weapons of imperialistic authority! What a pity they cannot recall what their great statesman Richard Cobden once said: "Can we play the game of fraud, violence, and injustice in Asia without finding our national conscience seared at home?"

Aliens and Citizenship

THE long-debated question of whether or not an alien applying for citizenship has the same rights as a natural-born citizen of the United States has been temporarily settled by the decisions rendered in the cases of Dr. Douglas Clyde Macintosh and Marie Averill Bland, applicants for citizenship, by Judge Manton of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Manton's decision reverses that of the lower courts, which denied naturalization in both cases on the ground that neither Dr. Macintosh nor Miss Bland would swear to bear arms in defense of their country in time of war. If this bald statement of the fact sounds preposterous in the case of a forty-seven-year-old nurse and a fifty-three-year-old professor of theology, let it be remembered that the same point of view has been upheld by no less a tribunal than the Supreme Court of the United States in denying citizenship to Rosika Schwimmer.

It was plain that Judge Manton and his associates, Judge Learned Hand and Judge Swan, were considerably hampered by this same decision of the Supreme Court, from which Justice Holmes dissented in such admirable language. It was not possible to tell the Supreme Court to its face that its decision was faulty. Yet Judge Manton's distinction between the Schwimmer case, in which citizenship was not granted, and the Macintosh and Bland cases, in which he permits it to be granted, is one of those labored differences for which the law is famous. Dr. Macintosh declared that he would not swear to support the United States in any war, but only in a war which he considered morally justifiable; Miss Bland declared that she would not bear arms in defense of her country, because her beliefs as a Christian forbade her to do so, but that she was willing to assist in any non-combative capacity during a war in which her new country should be engaged, just as she had served as a war nurse overseas in the World War. Judge Manton declared:

It will, of course, be recognized as a duty of the citizen to bear arms in defense of his country, but there is also the well-recognized qualification that a person does not lack nationalism or affection for his government if, by reason of a conscientious religious scruple, he requests being excused from bearing arms. . . . Nor is there any fixed principle of the Constitution of this country requiring a citizen with conscientious religious scruples against bearing arms to nevertheless bear arms in time of war. . . . No more is demanded of an alien who becomes a citizen than of a natural-born citizen and when an alien becomes a citizen he is accorded all the rights and privileges afforded to a natural-born citizen except eligibility to the Presidency.

These sentiments are, of course, unexceptionable. The last sentence especially is a forthright and admirable reversal of the statement made by Judge Bondy of the lower court, when reminded that he was requiring more of an applicant for citizenship than is required of a natural-born citizen, that "the rights of those who are already citizens and the rights of those who apply for citizenship are entirely different." This is preposterous doctrine, and it is good to see a higher judge recognizing it as such.

It was in considering the precedent established in the case of Rosika Schwimmer that Judge Manton found him-

self on exceedingly delicate ground. His way of getting around the difficulty does not seem altogether successful. The decision declares:

The question presented here differs from that presented in the case of Schwimmer vs. United States, *supra*. She stated she was an absolute atheist and said: "I am not willing to bear arms." . . . Mrs. Schwimmer said she was an uncompromising pacifist and was found to have no sense of nationalism but only a cosmic sense of belonging to the human family and opposed the use of military force as admitted by the Constitution and by the laws. She had "no nationalistic feelings."

This is putting the qualification for citizenship at least partly on religious grounds, although Madame Schwimmer's want of proper nationalistic feeling and her out-and-out pacifism are also mentioned. In so far as it sets up a religious qualification for citizenship we believe it to be directly contrary to the spirit of the Constitution. In so far as it sanctions the refusal of citizenship on the ground of pacifism—whether "uncompromising" or not—we believe it deprives this country of citizens of the highest potential usefulness. The necessities imposed by the existing decision of a higher court handicapped Judge Manton to a very great degree. The present decision, grateful as we must be for it, is not without its weaknesses. The fact is that the parallels between the cases of Madame Schwimmer and Doctor Macintosh and Miss Bland are uncomfortably close; and the latest decision may tend further to complicate rather than to clarify the issue. The final test will be when and if the present cases are appealed to the Supreme Court. The court will then have an opportunity of frankly reversing itself, as many times it has done. And one can only hope, in the interests of justice and common sense, that it will do so.

Wandering Students

THE wandering students are with us again. From all parts of the country, during the past week or two, they have been moving by thousands and tens of thousands upon the summer schools of the universities. Columbia University, it is reported, expects upwards of 14,000, and a dozen other universities will need four figures to record their enrolment. It is a very quiet and unostentatious migration. American students do not troop afoot along the highways as did the students of Europe in the Middle Ages, singing, arguing, carousing, plundering or begging as mood or circumstances dictated, and adding a colorful lawlessness to the towns in which they stopped. Civilization has changed all that. The summer-school wanderer pays his way and keeps the peace, and if the way is sometimes narrow and the peace a little dull, he knows that dormitory heads, boarding-house keepers, and restaurant proprietors, the managers of shows and purveyors of soft drinks are ready with a welcome and that presidents, deans, and professors will offer the glad hand. No one can say that summer-school students are not wanted; they are wanted very much, and the more there are this year the more, it is hoped, there may be next.

Most of the migrants are teachers in schools or colleges. With many of them the bread-and-butter motive, academi-

cally speaking, is paramount; they are working for degrees or for "credits" which professionally will be worth while. At least as many more, however, dispense with the credit motive and crowd classrooms and lecture halls because of someone whom they want to hear or something they want to know. A surprisingly large number do not attend the same school a second time; instead, they "sample round." This year, perhaps, it is Columbia or Chicago; last year it was Wisconsin or Harvard; the year before, Kansas, or Illinois, or Cornell. Some follow a favorite professor, for professors, like students, have taken to roving and seem to welcome a chance to turn up at a different place each year. Climate and geography play their part in determining the course of migration. The east winds of Cambridge are a standing invitation to wanderers from the South, while the schools at Berkeley and Palo Alto draw heavily from New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, and Nevada; Chicago is a Mecca to the pilgrim-minded of Kentucky, Tennessee, and Missouri, and the modern Babylon beckons gaily to everybody.

Culturally, this migration of students and teachers has a good deal of significance. It tends to overcome sectionalism and helps to break down prejudice. Six weeks spent in an unfamiliar place with a crowd of people drawn from everywhere is pretty certain to make a difference. One recalls the story of a Northern traveler who set out on a day's horseback ride in the Georgia mountains with a "cracker" for companion and guide. The two rode on for some time in silence, for Georgia crackers are not given to conversation. Suddenly the guide turned in his saddle and remarked: "I s'pose you-uns up there knows a heap o' things we-uns down here don't know." The traveler cautiously admitted that that might be so. A half-hour later and the guide turned again: "An' I s'pose we-uns down here knows a heap o' things you-uns up there don't know." The traveler agreed. Another half-hour and the native philosopher had thought it through: "Mixin' larns us." The summer school is a good deal like that; its members mix, and in mixing they learn.

It is not a onesided process, either, doing something for the visitors but leaving the university untouched. Every university in America, from the mammoths down, has about it a great deal that is provincial and manneristic. It prides itself on its ways of doing things or emphasizes some special attitude toward life. It has set up standards and habits and more or less openly appraises other standards and habits as inferior. Save, perhaps, for a few general principles, there are not two universities in the country that agree about the kind or quantity of knowledge which a student should have when he enters, or how he should be treated while there, or what he should be like when he leaves. Distinctive character the universities assuredly have, but it is a character curiously streaked with prejudices and aversions, exclusive loyalties, and myopic squints at a rather small world. For such self-consciousness and complacence the summer school is a healthy counter-irritant. The student gets some of his sharp corners worn down and discovers that parochial interests are not the whole story. The university, faced with a small army of men and women eager but unabashed, has to get out of a rut or risk the loss of prestige. The summer school, in short, does its bit for a cosmopolitan culture, and anything that can be done in that direction in America is so much to the good.

Coolidge Wisdom

CALVIN COOLIDGE'S first column, what with a copyright notation, an editorial note, a five-em dash, numerous paragraphs, and generous areas of white space, filled a box four inches wide and four and a quarter inches long on the first page of the *Herald Tribune* for July 1. It contained 198 words counting the date line and the signature. But what the *Herald Tribune* lacks in Coolidge copy it makes up in editorial excitement. On July 2 three half-columns on page 2 were filled with comment on the column culled from the leading newspapers of the country. Each item, as we remember, was longer than Mr. Coolidge's original message.

As for the message itself, it sounded from the first vaguely familiar. And when our eyes fell upon another contribution which is also to be found daily in the *Herald Tribune*, we realized why. This latter appears on the last instead of the first page of the first section and is entitled *From the Founder's Writings*. It is to be found, for that matter, in the upper left-hand corner of every advertisement syndicated by Wanamaker's department store.

It is evident at a glance that these two great minds run in the same channels. Says Founder Wanamaker on July 1: "For men to be gruff and offish with each other without reason is not only bad manners, but deprives them of helping each other to climb the high hills that often confront us." Says Profounder Coolidge on the same day, after a panegyric on the fundamental soundness of the country that must have warmed Herbert Hoover's heart: "My countrymen, it is time to stop criticizing and quarreling and begin sympathizing and helping!" And on July 2: "We should not faint at the first obstacle." (Cf. Wanamaker's "high hills.") There is not room for more quotation and we have probably exceeded already the one-half of one per cent allowed by the copyright. It is safe to say, however, that Coolidge wins on all three counts of homely wisdom, i.e., platitudes, healthy sentiment, and patriotism, though in fairness to Wanamaker it should be pointed out that this is due solely to the fact that the Coolidge Cogitations (for all his reputation for economy) are twice as long as the Wanamaker Wanderings. The only important difference is that the *Herald Tribune* pays Coolidge (thus vindicating his economics) and gets paid by Wanamaker's.

We hasten to assert that it is not our purpose to level the charge of plagiarism at any head. We wish merely to point out that Coolidge shares with Wanamaker, with Bok, and with Harold Bell Wright that talent for the mediocre and the obvious in thought and expression that will carry him to final triumph whether he seeks it in the columns of a newspaper or the corridors of the White House. And the *Herald Tribune* need have no doubt that the Coolidge column will pay its way. If Rudy Vallee is the soft heart of America, Coolidge is its hard head. He and his public understand each other, and his words will fall upon its ears with that same comforting familiarity that has enshrined Eddie Guest and Elbert Hubbard in the pained wall-mottos of a nation. Adding our voice to the chorus, we predict that Coolidge wisdom will prove only less popular than Coolidge prosperity.

It Seems to Heywood Broun

ONE important phase of the Russian experiment is seldom discussed by anybody and never by the Communists. Bolshevik commentators limit themselves to investigation and glorification of the economic aims of the Soviet Republic. It is, of course, a familiar Marxian theory that all history must be translated in terms of economics. Nevertheless, it seems to me unlikely that life in its entirety can be simplified into a mere matter of economic adjustments.

I have never been reconciled to the theory that there is such a thing as proletarian art and capitalistic art, as Upton Sinclair has suggested. Nor can I believe that love, religion, and recreation are capable of being interpreted wholly through a new conception of production and distribution. Much that is written about Russia is contradictory and it is unfair to comment dogmatically without striking some sort of balance between the various points of view of all observers. But there seems to be no conflict in the statement that the Soviet leaders are bending every effort to make all life within the borders of the nation serve a communal purpose. Private life is to be abolished as well as private property. The pleasure principle is rigorously frowned upon. To a good Communist cards, dancing, drink, and light love are just as reprehensible as they appeared in the eyes of the Puritans. Indeed, one may go even farther back and find a possible analogy in Sparta. As yet very little of Athens has crept into the Russian experiment.

It may be said, perhaps, that the Soviet state is still in the formative stage, and that certain rigorous aspects of self-discipline and coercive discipline from the state itself may be moderated once the structure has been solidified. Against this argument may be cited the certain fact that puritanism is not to be lightly assumed and then removed. People who adopt the puritan point of view for a purpose are not able to shed their philosophy even when their objects have been attained.

It may also be said that in some of its aspects the life prescribed for the faithful Communist is the direct antithesis of that lived by our New Englanders. For instance, at Russian bathing beaches wearers of suits are numbered among the bourgeoisie. No good Communist would dare to exhibit such false modesty. Granting, as I do, that this is a more healthy attitude and that in any case swimming without a suit is far more fun I must still deny that there is any essential difference in the point of view. It is merely a reversal. One sect is shocked by clothes and one by nudity, but in both cases there is a strict rule of conduct—a proper and an improper way of bathing. One can easily imagine wild Russians of the younger set sneaking off to some lonely pool to enjoy the unholy thrill of wearing bathing suits.

Ben James writes in the *Herald Tribune*:

In a vaudeville performance at a Moscow amusement park I saw an eccentric dancer who interpreted his antics in terms of world movements. First he whirled for several minutes, gaining in speed and action until he slumped to the stage. He rose again and continued at a faster tempo until he once more fell exhausted. A third time he revived, and spun with greatest fury until he dropped and

was carried from the stage. The performer explained his act as a dance of capitalism, which he pictured to the audience as in the last frenzied stage before its final downfall.

Such devices for beating the devil around the stump were not unknown to our old Puritans either. At a time when plays were forbidden by law in the New England States quite a little theatrical entertainment was bootlegged to the colonists. Shakespeare was freely performed, "Othello" being one of the favorites. But, of course, the producers did not call it a play. They set the tragedy forward as "an animated sermon illustrating the evil effects of jealousy." In both schools of thought—Russian and Puritan—there is an underlying spiritual kinship. The Puritan and the Bolshevik hold in common that man's first duty lies to something outside himself.

And there is a similarity in missionary spirit. The young Communist embarks upon a venture to enlighten the capitalistic world in much the same manner that Baptists go to China. There is the same impatience with the folkways of the benighted and an equal disposition to effect conversion even if the luckless unbeliever must be bashed over the head.

In fact, the theological form is strikingly of a piece. In both bolshevism and fundamental Christianity membership is by conversion and in each case the danger of backsliding is ever present. Heresy hunting is the favorite diversion of both camps and Lenin has been elevated to the status of a Messiah since grace proceeds only through a complete and literal acceptance of his doctrines. As among the theologians of the Puritan sects, vast and intricate debates occur as to the meaning of phrases and their application to the life of today. And to cap the climax the Soviet state seems to uphold the doctrine of predestination and foreordination in its attitude toward recruits who are white or red.

It has been observed in the matter of Russian motion pictures, Russian novels, and Russian plays that each creative artist is bound to the task of glorifying the state. Interest in productions such as "Romeo and Juliet" is discouraged because they draw the mind off the main track. Romantic love is a delusion, possibly an opiate fostered by the capitalists to enslave the masses. Such art as contributes nothing to the Five-Year Plan is outlawed as counter-revolutionary. Here again we see a situation not unlike that which existed in the great days of the church when painters were under the necessity of turning their efforts wholly to the glorification of saints and other holy figures. The only change is that now, instead of Madonnas, the artist must turn out his fair proportion of canvases showing the hands of Labor cleaving the earth above his head and emerging to down the capitalistic ogre.

To be sure, night clubs still exist in Moscow but they are run solely for the unregenerate. Here foreigners may come and others not belonging to the elect. Jazz is not for men and women intent upon the creation of a new Utopia. But there still remains the pertinent question: what is the Russian going to do with it when he gets it?

HEYWOOD BROUN

Our Super-Babbitt

A Recantation

By ROBERT HERRICK

A DOZEN years ago I contributed to the columns of *The Nation* a panegyric upon one Herbert Hoover, who then bulked large in the admiration and hope of the world. With an immense prestige gained by having successfully conducted the Belgian relief and skilfully imposed a self-denying ordinance upon the appetites of his countrymen, he had undertaken after the armistice the feeding of the starving vanquished peoples of Eastern Europe (not quite impartially, it is said!) and had returned to his native land, from which he had been absent during many busy years. He had emerged from the devastating war with an untarnished reputation won by prosecuting efficiently the aims of peace. For those who like myself were looking for some man, neither militarist nor politician, to lead this country out of the economic and spiritual chaos left by the greatest insanity in human history and the equally tragic betrayal at Versailles, this American engineer of Quaker ancestry who had so thoroughly demonstrated his quiet efficiency, this great humanitarian (as he was then thought to be), seemed an instrument of fate providentially fitted for mighty tasks. What other American, removed from partisan influences by the pattern of his life—and with such personal qualifications and rich experience—was as well equipped as Hoover to understand the infinite perplexities of the present, and not only to restore our own equilibrium, but to show us how to take nobly that larger part which destiny was inexorably thrusting upon us? We had had enough of eloquence, the proclaiming of great principles with feeble performance; we wanted someone who would know his way about in the new world, a doer not a talker.

In those early months of 1919 it looked as if one of the two dominant political parties might be forced to accept Hoover as its candidate for the Presidency for fear that the other party would run him if it didn't. In response to inquiry as to whether he was Democrat or Republican Hoover had given to the press shortly after his return to the United States a brief statement of things he believed ought to be done, with the implication that he would support the party that indorsed such a program. The Republican leaders in the Senate—the same gang that had knifed Wilson at Paris—had already selected their candidate, one of themselves, the most ignorant and pliant of the gang. But the public interest in Hoover gave them pause. This new man without party affiliations had a unique position of advantage; if he had been astute enough, or had had good counselors, or if simply he had been the sincere man we believed him to be, Hoover might have become President in 1920 without abating a jot of his prestige, without serving an eight years' apprenticeship in party politics under the tuition of Hughes, Mellon, and the Ohio gang. Instead, having an address to deliver before the Society of Engineers in New York he took the advice of friends and discovered overnight that he had always been a Republican, like most

respectable Americans who own property. Thereafter, naturally, neither party had any immediate use for this great humanitarian—the Democrats because he called himself a Republican and the Republicans because of his own volition he had made himself harmless. The Hoover sentiment in the country faded away; the Senate gang proceeded with their plans and according to schedule put over Harding.

To those who read his address to the Society of Engineers (which was later elaborated into a book, the sole contribution he has made so far to statesmanship and philosophy) there was another deep disappointment. The message, the one supreme truth, that this man of such extraordinary experience brought to his countrymen from a close observation of Europe in the throes of self-destruction, after witnessing for five terrible years the bankruptcy of old systems of government, the agonies of peoples, the crumbling of civilization, was praise for "individual initiative" and denunciation of every kind of political or social change, all forms of which he loosely denominated "socialism." To one who read that Rotarian confession of faith, with its implications, any further enthusiasm for Hoover seemed impossible. The mind that could react along that single, well-worn groove to all the human phenomena it had been Hoover's privilege to witness was patently a narrow mind, without either imagination or insight or any large purpose. Hoover was merely another capable American business man with a knack for large affairs and a gift for publicity. One could have written him off as a dud then and there for any leadership in the new world. The American people, gorged with war profits and flushed with the consciousness of power, needed no incentive to individual initiative just then, least of all then, confronted as they were by grave problems involving their relationship with the rest of the world. The ideal of everybody for himself and the devil help the hindmost had worked well enough among pioneers exploiting a new land of unbounded riches; for a nation of one hundred and twenty millions of people, with billions owing to it by other peoples and more billions being added annually to the debt, such a policy was hardly a sure foundation for peace in a narrowing world.

After the election of Harding there followed, as everybody knows, eight of the least memorable, the most sordid years of our national history. Hoover was content to serve in the Cabinet that contained such specimens as Fall, Daugherty, et al. From them, and from Mellon and Hughes, he learned the game of party politics, the hard-boiled game. Opinions still differ as to how well he can play that game, whether he is still the blundering amateur or the skilled professional. The Parker and the Claudius Huston incidents would seem to indicate that for all his long apprenticeship under such a variety of able instructors he is not yet an adept. He became for two administrations the handy man, the intellectual front so to speak, very busy,

very useful, while he developed his celebrated method of commission inquiries—a specious device for inaction, a convenient smoke screen. Those eight years, so momentous to the future of the world, meant here in the United States but one thing: prosperity and how to get it, how to keep it, how to increase it. With Coolidge and Mellon as leaders there was organized the famous prosperity chorus, which incited to frenzy the cupidity of Main Street until every elevator boy bought himself an "equity in the United States."

In the enormous task of the pacification of Europe, the liquidation of the errors of Versailles, what part did Hoover play? None, except to sit on the commission to settle the amounts, principal and interest, which our debtors must pay this country over three-quarters of a century. On the honor roll of those who labored in behalf of international understanding and peace there is the name of one German, one Frenchman, and one American—but not Hoover's.

Probably the stupidest and the wickedest aspect of our foreign policy since the war has been our official attitude toward Russia (that Russia which Wilson in one of his moments of divination predicted would become "the acid test" of American ideals!). The policy of non-intercourse first promulgated by the righteous Hughes has been rigidly adhered to since, and there is no sign that Hoover ever protested against this hypocritical silliness or has any intention of abandoning it. There is no evidence, either, that he has been superior to the sporadic crazes for witch-burning in connection with "reds" from which this country suffers periodically. I know of no utterance by Hoover against the sins of intolerance; I remember many insisting upon the materialistic basis of all human progress, where he and the great Communist seem to be in singular accord.

In due season, then, came Hoover's turn for promotion. Coolidge, with an uncanny animal instinct for stormy weather ahead, decided to retire into contemplation and journalism. His elevation had been the purest freak of chance; he seems never to have lost sense of this fact and did not presume upon fate. The handy man of the Administration was his natural successor, the Hoover myth having persisted to some degree and latterly been revived by the Commerce Secretary's competent handling of the Mississippi flood disaster. If Hoover could no longer unfurl the banner of the great humanitarian, he was still, in the minds of Main Street, the trained expert, the Great Engineer—and presumably by this time enough of a politician to know his way around Washington. If in 1919 one felt enthusiasm for the unknown Hoover, in 1927 one knew enough not to expect too much of the godson of Mellon, who had sat through the stench of the Harding years without any sign of nausea; who had accepted without protest the narrow Coolidge policies; who for eight years had run docilely in harness with the Republican gang. But at least the industrious Secretary of Commerce was a trained, competent executive, an "expert."

Alas, what a blow one year of Hoover efficiency has given to the ideal of training and education in the art of government! The preference of a democracy for the "plain" man to one who has received an education and has intellectual affiliations has been unfortunately encouraged. Events since November, 1927, are too recent, too poignant, to need much comment. It is pitiful, tragic, that a mature

man of Hoover's full experience should have wanted anything as badly as he apparently wanted the Presidency and now wants another term. He wanted to be elected so badly that in a panic he promised everything before election: an extra session of Congress; a farm board with millions, billions if necessary, of public funds to hold the bucket for all agricultural surpluses (what had he learned as commission merchant for Belgium and Eastern Europe?); a new tariff to benefit the farmers without disturbing the manufacturers (and he was supposed to be an expert in economics if not in the political history of the United States!); and commissions galore.

We now know that his promises were not empty gestures. We wish they had been. For there is one worse habit than not doing the right thing—that is to persist self-righteously in doing the wrong thing. It is an interesting speculation which must be left to his intimates whether Hoover is as fundamentally ignorant as his actions and occasionally his words on economic matters would indicate, or is merely cynically sinning against his intelligence like any practical politician for the sake of that second term—the goal which has destroyed the integrity of many a chief executive. I prefer to believe that the President knows better—knows that prices of staple commodities cannot be maintained or boosted by the use of revolving funds, that no tariff can be devised to help the farmer without also seriously hurting him, that high tariffs do not in the long run make for prosperity at home or peace abroad. He might, at least, with his confirmed taste for expert opinion, have given some attention to the almost unanimous opinion of American economic experts on the inevitable results of the new tariff. Instead, without any "study" or consultation with experts, with a feeble effort to save face by the flexible provision, he hastened to sign this measure, which the "best minds" had been telling him for months would end for a long while our puffy prosperity and also, let us pray, the rule of the Republican Party.

The only one of the numerous commissions of eminent persons which Hoover has appointed that has produced any tangible results to date is the one on Haiti, and there the facts were already sufficiently known. What was wanting was the will to act upon them, which was accelerated less by the Forbes commission than by events precipitating some sort of decision. The commission method is a wise method, of course, the method of science, technology, big business. But anybody who has ever served upon a college faculty knows well enough that it is also the method of procrastination and evasion, a decorous manner of pigeonholing controversial subjects. In case of most governmental problems all necessary facts are well enough known or easily available; what is lacking is the will, the intention to find the right conclusion.

Thus far, Hoover has engineered two large publicity features—the good-will tour of South America preceding his inauguration and the Rapidan conversations with the English Premier, both of which were effectively advertised. To the hopes aroused by the first in all Latin America has come within one short year the disillusionment of the new tariff, in which their interests are more flagrantly ignored than ever before, especially those of our ward, Cuba. All our neighbors are now able to judge the value of Hoover's amiable words and gestures when translated into action.

The glow excited by the second, the hope of disarmament, has sunk into apathy over the petty accomplishment of the naval conference, which might have been predicted from the character of the American delegates selected by the President and the stubborn attitude these held in London throughout the conference. To arouse expectations among millions of men and women which are not met by performance, which possibly were never intended to be met, is dangerous politically. The memory of the public is short, but not short enough to acquit a Hoover.

It would be silly to attribute responsibility for all our ills to any President—or even to the Republican Party. Fumbling with farm relief, forcing a wretched tariff upon a world suffering already from too much tariff, and failure to accomplish any real disarmament do not altogether account for the present universal depression and uncertainty. Our vast Main Street is in the process of awakening from the prolonged dream encouraged by the last two adminis-

trations, and that is not pleasant. We must face the realities of overproduction and underconsumption, of a growing scarcity of gold, of a Europe still unappeased and ready to engage in reprisals, and of the potential rivalry of a different economic system developed in despised and hated Russia, whose gigantic effort the prosperity chorus may have too lightly derided. Individual initiative and natural resources alone may not be enough!

Hoover has not given the slightest evidence as President that he has either the understanding or the ability to cope with such a situation. The likelihood is that there will be the usual deadlock between an unpopular President and the Congress for the next two years, but the sooner we are rid of Hoover and his promises the better. When a French journalist said the other day that the American people must choose between a Babbitt and an Owen Young, he exactly appraised the values. But have they not already chosen in their hearts?

Sex Puritanism in Russia

By CHARMION VON WIEGAND

A YOUNG, strong, and enthusiastic Bolshevik, taking advantage of Russia's new freedom, acquired four sweethearts simultaneously—a number thoroughly legal under Mohammed's law and not prohibited under the new Soviet law. But the law is one thing and life is another. For a young man in any land it would be almost a whole-time job to make four girls happy. In Russia the difficulties are well-nigh insurmountable. Just to mention one small obstacle, there are no private motor cars in Russia. Imagine the energy required to call on four girls in four different sections of the city by means of the slow and overcrowded street cars. And in a country where even food and clothing are in the luxury class it is no small task to divide a party salary (not more than \$110 a month) so that it will meet all the expenses of everyday existence and still provide enough for the expenses of courtship. In addition to these difficulties there was one vastly more important one. This young man was a member of the party and he held a responsible position. According to rule he was bound to work eight or ten hours a day at his job and give six hours to party work. It would have taken an Einstein to solve the higher mathematical problems of the division of his time and his purse. Is it any wonder then that he had to do without sleep to meet his heavy schedule, and that he became harassed, overstrained, and inefficient?

He soon did not want to answer the telephone or see the postman. Each week the difficulties piled up. Mila, who lived out of town, would write that she hadn't seen him for a whole week. He would be obliged to answer that he had to get out a report and could not come out that evening. He probably would not add that he also had promised to take Vera to the theater. But if the next evening was consumed in riding miles to placate Mila, then there were Masha and an important committee meeting to occupy him. And just that afternoon when he had gone home to prepare his speech for the coming congress, Natasha had dropped in and he could not hurt her feelings, after having broken the last

engagement with her. Altogether the situation was getting intolerable.

The young man began to arrive at the office late. First it was only five minutes but it gradually became an hour or more. His work was careless and inaccurate. His comrades in the office raised their eyebrows, for he had always been a conscientious and faithful worker. Now, at a time when every nerve was being strained to put across the Five-Year Plan, when the comrades who had fought shoulder to shoulder in the Revolution were again sacrificing their health and shortening their lives in order to rear a modern Russia for the coming generation, here was their comrade arriving an hour late, falling asleep from fatigue at his desk, and neglecting to turn in his reports on time. In the eyes of the young man's friends these actions seemed nothing short of counter-revolution. The matter was reported to the party, which began to investigate in its most thorough manner. The culprit was finally called to account and I imagine that the ultimatum delivered ran something like this: We have nothing to do with your personal life and we are not interested in your private morals, but we beg to point out that your complex relationships with women take too much time and energy from your work. We have no suggestion to offer as regards a solution of your problem, but we wish to remind you that if you are again late at the office or your work lags behind, even by the smallest margin, we shall be glad to accept your resignation.

The end of the tale is extremely moral. The young man began at top speed to reform his life. He dismissed three of his sweethearts (it will be kind to draw a veil over the painful scenes that must have ensued) and he took the fourth to the registration bureau, where they were properly married. And when last heard of he was living a placid, monogamous, domestic existence, completely devoted to the party. I have told this story at some length because it epitomizes the new morality arising in Russia today.

During the years of actual revolutionary fighting Russia

went through a period of experiments, including sexual excesses and overindulgence. Now that the Revolution has entered a new stage of development—a constructive and economic one—the Soviet pioneers seem to be headed toward a new kind of puritanism. Today Russia is a pioneer land and its morality and culture are almost completely dictated by economics and expediency. In this it stands much closer to the America of our forefathers than to present-day Europe.

The impressive thing about Russia is that the pioneer spirit should flare into life in a land that has already seen two cultures flourish and decay. That these old cultures could be so easily extinguished may be due to the fact that they did not spring from Russian soil and consequently never really entered into the blood of its people. Asiatic and medieval Russia still lives in the outlying districts and in the villages, and the religious controversy that reigned this year was nothing more than the death struggle of orthodox Holy Russia against the onslaught of modern collectivism. And European Russia still exists—that Russia which Peter the Great made and of which Leningrad is the visible symbol—and all those tattered traditions from Germany, France, and Italy that comprised the patchwork culture of the upper and middle classes. But amid all these foreign and conflicting elements there runs through the brains and hearts of men, like a current of electricity, the will to revolution, the will to build the future. And that will allows no trifling with its plans. Life is completely stripped of its ornaments. Only the essentials for satisfying the primary instincts of hunger, shelter, warmth, and sex desire exist, without as yet any definite social form to clothe them. And of these sex comes last, for enormous energy goes into providing food and clothes. A man or woman who is a good Communist cannot indulge in sexual excesses any more than in luxurious living.

Those sensation-loving Americans who go to Russia are usually disillusioned. They have read of the nationalization of women, the decay of legal marriage, the legalization of abortion, the ease of divorce, and they assume life is one long orgy. Instead they find a nation of workers laboring from seven to seventeen hours a day, emotionally and physically absorbed in the superhuman task of turning the world's greatest agrarian land into a modern industrial center. In this atmosphere it is not strange that love, luxury, leisure, and even art must take second place. It is only an effete Europe that has the leisure to cultivate social graces, manners, and the arts of courtship.

When the Revolution came the Russian people revolted against the old morality. In essence this was the challenge they flung to Europe: We will have no more of your bourgeois morals, manners, luxuries, or spiritual posturings. We think you have made one contribution to world betterment—science. We shall therefore take over your knowledge and use its inventions and technique to forge weapons against the old dominant classes and to build a huge industrial nation on a communistic basis.

It is the latter part of this program that has brought about the new puritanism. It is not based on Christian laws or the idea of sin in sexual matters. The Five-Year Plan has been more efficacious in restraining the Bolsheviks than have the Ten Commandments in restraining the Christians. The party does not believe in morality—our brand—and a Communist morality is yet to be developed. If his work is well done and the worker has earned his rest he may shape

his life to suit himself—for the weeks of his annual vacation only!

Even among Communist Party members there are many divergences of opinion concerning personal conduct and they are still groping for a new code of morals applicable to the proletariat. Pilynak, one of the most successful of the new writers, has written a story called "The Law of the Wolf," which dramatically exposes the new double standard of the Communists. Two friends, who work sixteen hours a day "in the mills of Revolution" and whose cars stand ever waiting to take them to committee meetings, public gatherings, and party councils, go on their vacations together. They break loose from the tension of their work in those mills that never stop their grinding and leave Moscow.

In their car that runs along strange roads at night, silent and swift as a sleek greyhound, they go on the hunt—after animals in the dense forests, to shoot and to slay, and after women, too, strange women, lusty and without reserve, to satisfy the hunger for sex; and to slake their intolerable thirst they drink unlimited quantities of fiery vodka till they become mad and their blood runs wild in their veins. They return to the city refreshed, their blood made young again by lust and cruelty, and the next day their cars stand waiting to carry them to the mills of Revolution—that day and every day thereafter to their eternal work—until again they shall have earned the right to break the tension and revert to pleasure.

I myself observed the same thing in less vivid surroundings. To one Bolshevik, who one night had got suddenly drunk while on his vacation, I exclaimed: "How can you do it?" I knew him to be an idealist with an almost fanatical faith in the Revolution, and a most conscientious worker.

He answered: "I wouldn't dare in Moscow. I never touch it there. It would interfere with my work. But here, after four years without any rest, I can let go."

"How do you reconcile your conduct with your point of view?"

"I feel ashamed. I don't want to get drunk again."

But either because of his remorse or in spite of it, that very evening he was drunk and ribald as before.

And he was not alone in this. His companions, too, were heavy drinkers and could put any American under the table in short order. But no one thought of objecting, least of all the party, for it was vacation time.

The Russian puritanism is not artificially applied from the outside. It is a kind of integrity and control necessary to perform a difficult task. It is applied to all forms of conduct—not only to sex. The Bolsheviks encourage plainness in dress. Part of this is putting a good face on the fact that so few things can be had. But it also shows an attitude of mind. Some of this severe feeling has relaxed of late. A man may wear a collar and tie and not feel ashamed of it. But I have had Communists—men, too—say to me: "Those awful American clothes!" meaning mine. My frocks were simple but bright and the other girls wore clothes that looked like sacks tied in the middle. The girls seemed to like to feel the silk and gaze at the color but the men did not care to have attention attracted to me. I was too bourgeois for them.

There are Bolsheviks even today who consider washing a sign of bourgeois decadence. I once heard a remark,

"Imagine, he takes a bath every day," and it was said in a tone of disapproval at such extraordinary self-indulgence. Of course this was not because of any fear that cleanliness meant too much sensual pleasure and consideration for the body, as the early Christians feared, but because it involved, in Russia, a loss of time and of energy.

The party has gone so far as to frown on complicated domestic arrangements. Polygamy is prohibited. One is allowed to marry as many times as one wants, but some of the most daring, whose marriages and divorces have run into the teens, have been known to receive sound lectures from the presiding magistrate. And the punishment in Russia for anyone attempting to evade the responsibility of his

or her parenthood is summary and severe. It is the accepted rule that severer punishment must be meted out to party members for deviation from its standards, as it is also notorious that Communist offenders receive longer sentences in court than non-Communists.

If I have summarized the new Communist morality as a puritanical faith, it has not been to disparage it but to explain its dynamic energy and force—its driving power. It is not possible to conquer continents, to convert whole countries, to lift millions of people out of an Asiatic sleep, without rules, without tremendous self-sacrifice and denial of personal pleasure. It is with this attitude that the Bolsheviks shape their morality.

Negro Barbers in the South

By VIRGINIUS DABNEY

THE Negroes of the South are in grave danger of being driven from one of the few remaining trades in which they are able to compete on anything like even terms with the whites. This is the trade of barbing. The organized white barbers of the country are gradually securing the adoption of bills in the various States setting up boards of barber examiners which pass on the qualifications of applicants and issue and revoke licenses. Already twenty-six commonwealths have passed such laws. Most of them are in the West, but the States of the East and South are slowly falling into line. Every State west of the Mississippi has adopted a barber bill of one sort or another with the exception of Wyoming, New Mexico, Arkansas, and Oklahoma, while east of the river Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Louisiana, Tennessee, North Carolina, Maryland, Connecticut, and Rhode Island have done so. The movement spread to the South only two or three years ago. Sponsors of these laws have not had an easy time getting them through the Southern legislatures owing to the large Negro population and the widespread belief that barber bills below the Potomac are designed to eliminate Negroes from the trade. But four of the former Confederate States already have adopted such measures, and Florida failed to do so by a margin of one vote.

It is true that the organized white barbers and spokesmen for the American Federation of Labor, with which they are affiliated, are loud in their denials that these bills are drawn in such a way as ultimately to get rid of colored competition. The object of this legislation is, they say, "to protect the public." It is worth noting, however, that the Negro barbers in the Southern States are thoroughly convinced that the bills are designed to put them out of business, at least in so far as their white clientele is concerned, and they fear that foreign-born barbers will sooner or later want their colored trade as well. They also contend with emphasis that discrimination is being shown by examining boards against colored practitioners.

I am unable to confirm definitely the truth of this latter contention. The laws have been effective for only a short time in the South, and it is therefore difficult to obtain reliable data as to their effect on the Negroes. But I am in a position to present certain facts which throw considerable light on the question.

The Negro barbers of Virginia are heaving sighs of relief as a result of the recent defeat by the State senate of one of these barber bills. The measure was backed by the Virginia Federation of Labor, the four railway brotherhoods, and the National Women's Trade Union League, and was vigorously opposed by the Virginia Commission on Interracial Relations. Few bills before the Virginia Legislature at the session of 1930 created more widespread interest. When the committee hearing was held, the senate chamber was packed, with many standing. Already the press of the State had with virtual unanimity denounced the bill on the theory that it was designed to eliminate colored competition and to create a monopoly for the white members of the trade, with consequent skyrocketing of prices.

This was vigorously denied by the sponsors of the bill. They favored it only "as a health measure" and "in order to elevate the profession," they declared. Their sole object in working night and day to get this legislation through the assembly was "to protect the public." And why did the public need protection? Because Maryland, Tennessee, and North Carolina had already enacted similar legislation, with the result that hordes of diseased barbers, unable to pass the physical examinations required in those States and suffering from all manner of ailments from psittacosis to delirium tremens, were flocking into the Old Dominion and contaminating the populace.

Opponents of the measure pointed out, on the other hand, that Dr. Ennion G. Williams, Health Commissioner of Virginia and a man who enjoys a national reputation in his field, had said there was absolutely no need for the bill. They further declared that under its terms the proposed board of three white barbers could sooner or later eliminate all the colored barbers on one pretext or another, and they asserted that certain persons who advocated the bill had been heard to boast of the manner in which prices had been raised in States where such legislation had been enacted. A white barber who had been in the business for fifty-four years in one of Richmond's leading hotels appeared in opposition, and laughed at the claims that Virginia was being flooded with diseased barbers from neighboring commonwealths. He said he had recently advertised for two weeks for a man for his shop and had not secured a single reply. The closing speaker

in opposition was Ben Taylor, a Negro barber, who delivered a tremendous oration in which he declared that his fellow hair-trimmers and razor-wielders would "whiten the mountains with their bones" and "dye old Virginia with their blood" rather than submit to be licensed by a State board of barber examiners.

After the hearing the bill was considered for several days by the committee and was substantially amended. Practically all its teeth were drawn. It was placed on the calendar, but was recommitted on the ground that it was satisfactory neither to its friends nor its enemies. However, the committee was unable or unwilling to suggest any further changes, and it was returned to the senate unaltered. Even in this emasculated condition it appealed to the white barbers. They were aware that if they could get some sort of board established it would be a comparatively easy matter to persuade the assembly to extend its powers in the future. For the same reason the colored barbers fought the plan.

At last the day arrived for the final vote. Each of the four patrons was asked whether he would make a fight for the bill on the floor, and each replied in the negative, saying that he had consented to be sponsor to the measure only because importuned to do so by the white barbers. On the other hand, Senator J. Belmont Woodson, of Nelson County, delivered a fierce assault upon it. The Senator, who is a practicing physician, characterized the argument that it was a health measure as "perfectly absurd" and "absolutely an insult to the intelligence of the Legislature of Virginia." He declared that if it was passed the Negroes would be frozen out and the tariff on hair cuts would go to "seventy-five cents or a dollar." He then asked: "Why should the barbers of Virginia all of a sudden become so much interested in the health of the people of the State? They wouldn't keep their shops in sanitary condition until Dr. Ennion G. Williams made them do it."

Nobody in the senate was sufficiently interested in the bill to answer Dr. Woodson. The four patrons sat silent under his verbal barrage. The vote was taken. Red and green lights flashed on the wall as the senators pressed buttons at their desks connecting with the new voting machine. White and colored barbers in the gallery craned their necks. The count was announced: ayes 16, noes 21. The bill was beaten. It will doubtless be revived in 1932. The white barbers got it through the senate in 1928 with the aid of Senator W. H. Jeffreys, Jr., only to see it beaten in the house by Delegate R. L. Jeffreys, his brother. Two years from now they will be back with another barber bill. What its provisions will be no one can say. Much will depend on what they think they can get. Last summer they announced that the bill to be introduced at the 1930 session would require all barbers to have at least an eighth-grade education, to pass a physical examination, to take a six months' course, and to complete an apprenticeship of eighteen months more, before they could be licensed. The requirements as to an eighth-grade education and a six months' course were subsequently abandoned. In addition, all towns and villages of less than 2,000 population were placed outside the purview of the bill on the theory, as its friends acknowledged, that otherwise it would never pass.

A prominent newspaperman who was present at a gathering of white barbers in Richmond last year, held for the purpose of discussing the measure, is authority for the state-

ment that they freely admitted they desired its passage in order to "run the Negroes out of business" and raise the tariffs in their own shops. Noteworthy, too, is the fact that one of the patrons of the bill recently acknowledged to the present writer that under the terms which it contained when introduced the Negro barbers could be virtually eliminated "in ten or fifteen years."

An idea of the type of questions which examining boards ask of barbers who desire to be licensed is given by the *Square Deal*, an organ of the trade published at Des Moines, Iowa. In its February, 1930, number it prints a series of questions, of which it says:

The series of State-board questions and answers published in the *Square Deal* last year proved such an outstanding hit that we are at it again—with better and harder questions. All the questions on this page are on the subject of human hair. Surely no subject is closer to the practice of barbing. Yet we venture to say that very few barbers could get a passing grade of 70 per cent on these questions . . .

Here are some of the questions: "How many hairs are there to the square inch on the average scalp?" "Where is the arrector pili muscle located and what is its function?" "How is a hair connected with the blood stream and nerve system?" "Describe the function and location of the sebaceous glands." "What is the scientific name for hair which shows a tendency to split?"

Aside from the asininity of requiring a hair-trimmer to be able to locate the arrector pili muscle and describe its functions, imagine the glorious opportunity which such questions afford a board of white barbers who wish to eliminate troublesome Negro competition! Is a certain Negro shop taking too much business from its white rivals? Then a question or two to the operator concerning sebaceous glands and the problem is quickly solved.

It should be stated in justice to the sponsors of barber bills that similar legislation is offered by other groups at almost every session of every State legislature in the Union. In Virginia, for example, the plumbers, the realtors, and the embalmers, to mention no others, have come forward with equally grandiose schemes setting up stiff requirements for would-be practitioners, with licensing boards and other abracadabra, all "solely for the protection of the public." There is reason to believe that Virginia is a typical State in this respect. In other parts of the Republic certain professions or trades also have been able to set up virtual monopolies against competition, and others are trying to follow suit. A bill making the Virginia Bar Association an agency of the State government was defeated at this year's session in the Old Dominion after members of the legal profession in the senate had attacked it violently on the theory that the lawyers who favored it were seeking to prevent many deserving persons from practicing in Virginia. Those who backed the bill said it was offered "solely for the protection of the public." Seven States already have passed legislation of this kind, and others unquestionably will take similar action. Thus, the barbers who ask enactment of barber bills are in the same category as the members of other trades and professions who desire legislation of a like nature. Whether the public is desirous of being "protected" by these altruistic barbers, realtors, and plumbers, these unselfish lawyers and embalmers, is another question.

The Power Trust Wins Again

By PAUL Y. ANDERSON

Washington, July 5

DURING the last Presidential campaign there were a number of persons who believed the real issue to be whether the government would control the power trust, or vice versa. Subsequent events, including the devious maneuvers of Secretary Wilbur in relation to Boulder Dam, have tended to confirm that impression. However, the most important test has just been presented. The five men whom Herbert Hoover appoints to the new Federal Power Commission will be in a position to dispose of power sites representing the most valuable natural resource now remaining in the public's possession. They will determine the system of accounting to be employed in arriving at the valuations upon which future rates will be based. Eventually they will be authorized to regulate the rates on all electric current transmitted across State boundaries. Their decisions will be a vital factor in shaping the industrial development of the nation, and ultimately will exercise a profound influence upon the daily lives of the population. The importance of selecting the right sort of men for the job needs no emphasis. Therefore it is illuminating to note that, as his first and most important choice, Mr. Hoover has selected Major General Edgar Jadwin, retired Chief of Army Engineers, for the chairmanship of the commission. The General's record leaves no doubt about his attitude on the power question. As chairman of a board of experts assigned to study the Muscle Shoals problem four years ago, he approved the bid of the associated power companies for a lease of the property. He expressed grave doubts concerning the wisdom of building Boulder Dam. He opposed the creation of a national park at Great Falls, the most famous beauty spot near Washington, and submitted a minority report recommending that the site be turned over to private interests for power development. A subordinate officer, Major Harold C. Fiske, was found to have solicited funds from the Electric Bond and Share Company to complete a survey of the Cove Creek site, at a time when a subsidiary of that company was applying for a permit to develop the site. Subsequently Jadwin not only recommended granting the permit, but stated before the House Committee on Military Affairs that he saw nothing objectionable in Fiske's conduct, which prompted Chairman James to remark:

I had intended to ask you to start court-martial proceedings or an investigation against Major Fiske; but I will have to broaden it, I believe, because from your attitude I do not believe you are a fit man to be Chief of Army Engineers.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoover considers him a fit man to be chairman of the Federal Power Commission, and, according to reports, is accepting his advice in choosing the other four members!

IT was a noble victory when that joke body known as the House of Representatives sustained the President's veto of the veterans' pension bill. Although the House was originally and directly responsible for the worst features of

the bill—and for many others which the Senate deleted before sending it to the President—the journalistic boy scouts at once filled the air with hosannas to the "statesmanlike qualities" of the House, and with hymns to the masterful leadership of Speaker Longworth. But now the "victory" has assumed a doubtful aspect. After a burlesque debate, limited to twenty minutes on each side, the "statesmanlike" body passed another bill embodying the same offensive principle of general pension legislation which Mr. Hoover so soundly denounced in the vetoed measure. It is true that the immediate cost of the second bill will be less than that of the first, but that is the chief difference between them. As passed by the Senate the rates are raised. Assuming that the President was interested in the soundness of the legislation rather than in the immediate cost, there remained the same excellent reasons for vetoing the second measure that existed for vetoing the first. The second pension bill was passed in the form described and Mr. Hoover's new-found courage did not extend to another veto.

ALTHOUGH the Senate shines in contrast with the House, it certainly did nothing to enhance its reputation when it curtailed the appropriation for the Wickersham commission and adopted a provision confining the commission's activity to an investigation of prohibition enforcement. The fact that on second thought it decided to grant the requested appropriation without strings is no extenuation. Granted that the Administration is using the commission as a device for dodging the issues raised by enforcement and that the commission itself has shown no great courage or intelligence in tackling that subject, therein lies the very reason for allowing it to continue its work in those other fields of inquiry where it has a real chance to accomplish something of value. Nothing that the commission might say or do will have much effect on prohibition enforcement; but its studies and recommendations may have a vast effect in modernizing our antiquated court procedure, police methods, and penal system. A distinguished staff of experts already has been recruited and much valuable information assembled. Royal commissions performed this task in Canada and Great Britain forty years ago, and the fact that it has been so long neglected in the United States is, of course, a national disgrace. That it happened to be a by-product in the case of the Wickersham commission was no reason for ending it. In this instance the by-product was the only useful product. Hoover's announced determination to obtain the necessary funds from private sources was creditable, but it would have resulted in trouble and confusion, and it never should have been necessary. If he and his trained fleas would desist from their senseless habit of constantly giving gratuitous offense to the Senate, such things would not occur.

IN the matter of prohibition enforcement the Administration every day manifests an increasing disposition to be more "conservative" in those centers of population where

prohibition is unpopular. I predict that future efforts to "tighten up" enforcement will be confined to areas where enforcement is clearly wanted, and that inhabitants of such present oases as New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Baltimore, and St. Louis need no alarm. (If I except Chicago it is because the bootleggers there seem bent on exterminating themselves.) In short, this Administration seems prepared to do furtively and hypocritically approximately what Governor Smith, in his campaign for the Presidency, proposed doing legally and openly. When one contemplates that fact, and contemplates also the fact that Mr. Hoover has virtually adopted his late opponent's proposal to place tariff revision in the hands of a tariff commission, one marvels that he refrained from voting for Governor Smith in 1928. His best ideas seem to have been borrowed from him.

* * * * *

SILENCE in recent weeks on the part of the Senate committee authorized to investigate charges of corruption in connection with post-office leases throughout the country should not be construed as an indication that the committee is idle, or that it has accomplished nothing. Under the direction of Senator Blaine and John Holland—that youthful veteran of the Teapot Dome and lobby investigations—a staff of accountants and investigators has accumulated and is sifting a mountain of information, out of which will presently come proofs of graft, favoritism, and corruption that ought to shock a public long hardened to "business administrations." It will be shown that gentlemen once high in the government accepted fat fees for securing leases from their former official associates; that millions of dollars were obtained from the public for bonds based on exorbitant rentals paid by the government rather than on the actual value of the properties, and that the government's name was widely used in selling these bonds. Moreover, unless I am mistaken, it will be found that substantial contributions were made to certain political campaign funds by persons obtaining such leases or desiring to obtain them. This pretty kettle of fish probably will be uncovered in September, when the committee, after digesting the documentary evidence, proceeds to conduct open hearings in various cities. What a delightful new term for patriots to contemplate—"the United States Post Office racket"!

Now Summer

By RUTH LANGLAND HOLBERG

Now summer brings again the days that sting,
Torrid days with cicadas insistently shrill;
The trees have leaves that glitter like grass and spill
Bright flecks of sun in the green shade-pool's dark ring
Where radiant flies dizzily skim and wing.
With high color the flower gardens fill,
Sounding like stone quarries with the busy drill
Of bees in the crimson bergamot hammering.
All else is listless, heavy, satiated;
Opening bland eyes, my languid kitten
• Regards the bees where the stems and grass are plaited,
He tries to lift a clumsy furry mitten,
Lolls back too weak with sleep and heat—like me,
Sprawled in a hammock smothered in vacancy.

In the Driftway

WHEN the Drifter is very hot, as for a week in New York he has been, he thinks of penguins. These delightful birds, as his readers probably know, live in the coldest parts of the earth, where no vegetation and in some places no other animal life can live. It is a curious thing that under these very rigorous conditions, the penguin should resemble nothing so much as a well-fed bank president on his way to a meeting of his most important board of directors. The penguin is pompous and slow, he walks with dignity for he cannot fly, he has a white waistcoat and a gray cutaway, and his expression of solemnity is that of the bank president at his best. Apart from his looks, which are so charmingly self-important, the penguin's main characteristic seems to be insatiable curiosity.

THE Drifter does not mind confessing here and now that his information about penguins comes in the main from books—from one book, indeed, the admirable "Worst Journey in the World" of Apsley Cherry-Garrard. This account of the Scott expedition to the South Pole tells much about penguins. And aside from it, the Drifter has hardly a bowing acquaintance with the bird, although he is certain that the penguin, if pressed, could make a highly effective bow. One of Mr. Cherry-Garrard's best stories about the penguins is their method of testing dangerous waters. They are desirous of swimming about in the freezing waters of the southernmost seas for food; but in those same waters swims the sea leopard and when he swims about it is to look for penguins. The penguins line up on the edge of the ice with a great flutter and crowding. They peer down into the icy depths; they nudge each other. One can almost hear them say: "Why don't you just jump in and see if there are any sea leopards?" But whether they say it or not, they flutter still more, pushing each other toward the edge, and at last the weakest and most luckless of them plunges in with a pop. If he swims around safely, the others follow joyfully; if he is snatched up to make a leopard's breakfast they turn away in sorrow for their lost comrade and for their lost meal at the same time.

THE emperor penguin, who lives farthest south of all, has grown to the height of five feet and he has no time for much of the jollity of his smaller relatives. His business is to keep warm enough to live. In the Antarctic winter the temperature goes down to 70 or 80 below zero, and at this time the penguins have taken it into their heads to hatch their eggs. It seems an odd time for baby coddling, but they are passionately devoted to the occupation. The eggs they rest on their feet to keep them from freezing solid; if an unfortunate parent must at last desert his egg (the Drifter says "his" advisedly; the fathers are as ardently maternal, in that cold climate, as the mothers), a dozen eggless others are upon it, in a mad scramble for the privilege of warming it. The egg often gets broken in the melee, but the penguins do not seem to care. A child they must have. How penguins keep themselves warm nobody knows. This, with a temperature of 88 in the shade, is a comforting thought.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence A Scottish Subscriber Speaks

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "As an English subscriber," writes E. Williamson in your issue of June 25, "I follow your comments on things British with added interest." As a Scottish subscriber, I do likewise. Unlike E. Williamson, however, I fail to see that your attitude on India shows that you do not appreciate "the realities of the situation." To my mind you get much nearer to these realities than does my countryman, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, who has now got so far from reality that he talks of Great Britain's "having undertaken the care of peoples who could not take care of themselves." Much more realistic is Lord Rothermere, who bluntly declared in the London *Daily Mail* of June 3 that "the loss of India would mean immediate economic ruin to this country," and that "at least four shillings in the pound of the income of every man and woman in Great Britain is drawn, directly or indirectly, from our connections with India."

I submit that in these circumstances an intelligent American is much more likely than an intelligent Englishman to take an unprejudiced and objective view of "the realities of the situation."

JOHN C. MORTIMER

Black River Bridge, New Brunswick, June 24

Prodding Is Necessary

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Not to enjoy the vigorous prodding of *The Nation* is to acknowledge oneself illiberal or reactionary.

I confess to irritation at times because I think it goes too far; at others because it does not go far enough. I suppose every subscriber is just that way—and that makes you feel good. What if only 25 per cent (it is much more than that) of its attitudes are in the line of truth, right, or sanity? Don't we need just such an organ? Sure!

As a grandson of one of the early abolitionists in Beverly, Massachusetts, who was a lover and supporter of William Lloyd Garrison back in the 1830's when it took nerve, I recommend your unafraid spirit. Go to it!

Albany, N. Y., June 24 WM. CHANDLER SMITH

Books for Children

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A writer like Heywood Broun ought not to be challenged for his often facetiously uttered point of view, but at the risk of seeming pedantic and conservative I venture to disagree with the ideas he expresses in your issue of June 18 with regard to the type of literature fit for youngsters. He wonders why the comic strips are deplored by mothers and teachers.

He thinks Hans Christian Andersen's tale of the little match girl made his ninth Christmas holiday a solemn affair, to put it mildly. I think it was his misfortune to have been suffering from the measles at the time. And anyway, even if the story did sadden his holiday, I can see no harm in that. May it not have effectively made him realize that all is not well in this perfect world? Aside from the moral, however, I maintain

that the tale is entertaining for children. I remember very well crying over the unfortunate fate of the poor little girl, but, then, I enjoyed the crying.

I remember very vividly how much I used to enjoy the fairy stories of the Grimm brothers. I used to devour them avidly, and when I got through with all there were, I went back to them again and again. I don't feel that the horrible ends that befall the wicked ones can have any sadistic effects on the young reader.

Brooklyn, June 25

DORIS FOX BENARDETE

Rule by Force in Korea

To THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: You have already learned, no doubt, that a few words of felicitation written by Mr. Villard, editor of *The Nation*, cost the life of a newspaper which has been regarded as the only light by not less than twenty million oppressed people.

Korea is inhabited by a people who enjoyed political independence and cultural leadership for about 4,000 years. It became a part of the Japanese Empire in 1910.

In the beginning of Japanese rule the natives were denied any means of expression at all, but after the nation-wide revolution of 1919 the conquerors conceded a little and allowed the publication of a few papers in the native language. And the *Dong Ah Ilbo* was the first of these. Now the whole plant has been forced into idleness just because Mr. Villard wrote something about the emancipation of Negroes.

These ten years have been stormy ones for the *Dong Ah Ilbo*. The paper was punished twice by the government, and the records show that one issue out of every four has been suppressed and confiscated. Both the president and the editor have served prison terms. But it is not the only sufferer. Out of the fifty-seven issues of a native monthly magazine forty-three have been suppressed and confiscated. The magazine was finally put to an end by the order of the Japanese government.

In Korea no one is allowed to speak in public unless he submits his speech to the local police and gets their approval beforehand. I have a brother, sixteen years old, a high-school pupil, who organized, together with a few friends of his, a kind of fraternity with the idea of having good times together, running a circulating library, and going camping from time to time. This was discovered by the local police during the recent student uprisings, and all the children were brought to the police station where they were beaten mercilessly. They have now been put on probation for three years by the court and the society has been disbanded.

Korean laborers work twelve hours seven days a week for a wage of fifty to seventy cents a day, and they are denied the right of collective bargaining. As for strikes, they are out of the question in a land where labor unions are not recognized by the law. Some workers who tried to form a labor union (mind you, it was not communistic) are behind the bars. Under the pretense of investigation political criminals are held in prison for two years without trial. The formation of a communist party is punishable by death.

In Korea a magazine must submit all manuscripts to the censors for approval. The words "independence" and "revolution" are forbidden to be published in any connection, so we use two circles and two triangles respectively to express the meaning.

Can anyone blame the Koreans if one day they become violent and use force to achieve their freedom?

Pyeng-Yang, Korea, April 20

J. C.

S. K. Ratcliffe Replies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It would have surprised me greatly if my review of C. F. Andrews's book had failed to arouse some protests from your readers. The review was brief, and therefore, like nearly all of its kind, inadequate. Alice Stone Blackwell, however, calls it lopsided as well, and her use of that epithet, together with Grace Gilman's comment on India and non-violence, seems to make necessary a word of explanation and defense.

I would remind Miss Blackwell that I was reviewing a volume that presents Mahatma Gandhi's ideas. I was not criticizing a history or exposition of his political movement. Certain aspects of that movement have been very widely discussed in America; but the Mahatma's ethical beliefs and the extreme teaching that he has based upon them are very little known in the West. Mr. Andrews brings them out in all their rigor, and I called attention to this important fact. The significance and power of the Mahatma's personality and influence I have dwelt upon in scores of public addresses during the past few years. It is altogether fair that, when writing of a book that summarizes his ideas, a European reviewer should point out that the Gandhist creed, in the matter of sex and other fundamentals, is pure nihilism—that is, from any Western standpoint, sheer nonsense.

Miss Gilman says that my statement to the effect that India had rejected the Mahatma's central doctrine—non-violence—sounds ironical in view of the remarkable examples of Ahimsa recorded during the disturbances of May. I do not disagree with her. There can be no doubt that the Gandhist influence has held among the Swaraj volunteers in a noteworthy degree. But I was writing before Gandhi's arrest, and at a time when he himself was lamenting the meager response to his appeals. Moreover, Gandhi had not only joined the independence movement; he had allied himself with Jawaharlal Nehru, who makes no profession of non-violence; and before entering upon his march he had informed the Viceroy in the plainest terms that Young India was turning away from him and preparing for a campaign of violence.

Miss Blackwell says: "His great effort to achieve his country's freedom without bloodshed is worthy of the highest respect." It was. Many thousands of English men and women have felt it, and many of us have said so again and again by voice and pen. But the Mahatma declined the government's offer of a round-table conference, and for that fatal step we can find no justification. There is, and can be, only one alternative to violent conflict. That is conference. The refusal of conference means the choice of violence.

London, June 13

S. K. RATCLIFFE

[Mr. Ratcliffe states that the burden of blame rests upon Gandhi for what Mr. Ratcliffe regards as his refusal to participate in a round-table conference. This is a matter of opinion and not of fact. Gandhi agreed to attend a conference that would include the framing of a constitution giving India the substance of independence, repeal of the salt tax, and amnesty to political prisoners. According to the only interview with Gandhi reported since his arrest, he is still ready to confer on these terms. To Mr. Ratcliffe these conditions appear unjustifiable. To another body of opinion, including *The Nation*, it is the government's refusal to accept Gandhi's conditions, in spite of repeated promises of self-government, which seems unjustifiable. Again, the refusal of conference does not necessarily mean the choice of violence. It may mean instead the choice of non-violence, which according to many reliable reports continues to prevail among the Swaraj volunteers in amazing degree.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

BLACK MANHATTAN

by James Weldon Johnson

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Books

Cathemerinon

By DUDLEY FITTS

Sunrise; she woke me whispering, "It is day:
We must be early if we're to see
Our garden drenched in dew; and we must be
Wholly in love, or it will burn away,
Leaving us hot and thirsty. You must say
Nothing: only hold my hand, and come with me;
We can dress after, when immediacy
Points from the sun and shames us to obey."

Noon; and her cry troubled me: "Will you turn
Inwards only? Shall I have no part
In the formal drama of your heart?
If you are learned, must I also learn?
There was a time, not long, when the frail fern
Traced glory in your brain, until a dart
Hurled from the sun, and with a warning smart
Struck your consented mind coldly to burn."

Sunset; I heard her murmur, "It's too late.
It's finished, wide morning and bright dew.
It is too late to question now, or sue
For such another dawn. Or chance, or fate:
Here's terminus to our day; and you may wait
Forever, and never know the garden you
Have left so dead was ours still to renew
Marvelously, and always, floreat."

I have sought her long since: it's cold
Under the stars, and lonelier than under
Ground the frozen alleys of that garden.
I shall not find her, though the stripped stalks harden
Sheathed in dead dew, and January thunder
Drum far-off warning that a night is old.

An American Dynasty

The Adams Family. By James Truslow Adams. Little, Brown and Company. \$4.

LAST winter, during the naval conference in London, certain of the American newspaper correspondents suddenly bethought them that one of the delegates of their country had never been heard from. All the other American delegates had talked copiously, and some of them had even talked sensibly, but this one had been silent. He was the Honorable Charles Francis Adams III, LL.B., lawyer, yachtsman, banker, railroad and public-utilities director, overseer and treasurer of Harvard, great-great-grandson of one President of the United States and great-great-great-grandson of another, and Secretary of the Navy in the Cabinet of Mr. Hoover.

Obviously, a man so eminent, both genetically and somatically, should have something apposite and valuable to say, so the press boys swarmed to his hotel and were presently in audience with him. Half an hour later they limped back to the adjacent public houses, amazed and baffled. For it turned out that what he had to say was precisely nothing. If he really knew any more about the inner workings of the conference

than the marines who policed the corridors of the Carlton Hotel, then he managed to keep it to himself. And if he had any suggestions to offer about its conduct and aims, then there was no evidence of it in his sparse and halting words.

Thus the correspondents came home from London with an uneasy feeling that the celebrated Adams family, after five generations of high talent and achievement, had at last blown up, and this impression, I am informed, is now pretty general in Washington. Mr. James Truslow Adams, who belongs to a quite different tribe of Adamses, evades the question in his book, but presents a lot of evidence that points the same way. The plain fact is that the pearl and flower of all the Adamses was the original John, and that none of his heirs and assigns, not even his son John Quincy, has ever come within miles of him. They have been diligent and earnest men, and some of them have been men of considerable ability, but their weaknesses have always held them short of really first-rate work. What they have done has often attracted attention, both in the field of scholarship and in that of public service, but three times out of four it has attracted that attention not because it was extraordinary in itself, but because it was the work of Adamses.

Mr. Adams's study of them, as if borrowing something from their own futility, is a much feebler piece of writing than his well-known ventures into New England history. It has an air of improvisation: there is no sign of hard spade-work in it. Thus what he has to say of the dynasty differs but little from what anyone else would say—that its members, from first to last, have always taken life with deadly seriousness; that they have had a vast appetite for learning, some of it sound and some of it otherwise; that they have had the comfort of an unshakable self-righteousness; that they have commonly done well in a worldly sense; that they have always been more or less snobbish; and that every one of them has been a helpless victim to *cacoethes scribendi*. Perhaps the last of the line departs from the norm in all these ways. Certainly he has done no writing, and to date there is little evidence that he has ever done any thinking.

Mr. Adams says of Henry Adams's "Education" and "Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" that they are "two of the most remarkable books in American literature." The adjective had better be taken in its strictest sense. Remarkable they certainly are, but that there is anything more in them than a somewhat drug-storish sentimentality I have often doubted. The first made a splash because it was recognized as a furious criticism of the whole American scheme of things, and anything of the sort, coming from an Adams, was important news, but its fury was not accompanied by anything properly describable as penetration, and today, reread, the book has an indubitably shallow and even sophomoric smack. It might have been written, given sufficient skill at English, by one of the new humanists.

"Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres" is quite as unsatisfactory. It is an evocation of the Middle Ages by a man who had but lately discovered them, and whose understanding of them remained defective to the end. Mr. Adams puts its thesis into a sentence: "All the steam in the world" could not have built Chartres cathedral. This banality makes one rejoice that Henry's later discovery of the South Seas, under the tutelage of John La Farge, did not result in another book. Of his "History of the United States from 1801 to 1817" a layman is not competent to speak; Mr. Adams says that it is "one of the great productions of American historical scholarship." It may be so, but I doubt that it is ever read today save by historians. Or that "Democracy" has any place in the permanent stock of American fiction.

There is no space to deal with Brooks Adams, a less famous but far more interesting fellow. His ventures into historical theorizing, it seems to me, are far shrewder than his brother's, and his "Emancipation of Massachusetts" is full of pungent and novel ideas. But perhaps the best Adams of that fourth generation was neither Henry nor Brooks but their brother, Charles Francis II. I commend his "Studies: Diplomatic and Military" to anyone who desires to savor the Adams talent at its best; and his judgment upon the American heroes of his time as a sample of the Adams pessimism at its wisest:

I have known, and known tolerably well, a good many "successful" men—"big" financially—men famous during the last half-century; and a less interesting crowd I do not care to encounter. Not one that I have ever known would I ever care to meet again, either in this world or the next; nor is one of them associated in my mind with the idea of humor, thought, or refinement. A set of mere money-getters and traders, they were essentially unattractive and uninteresting.

Here is snobbery perhaps, but here is also sense. In this Charles Francis II there were plain traces of the Boylston blood which seems to have lifted the first John out of the original family wallow. He was a very clever fellow—but, like the rest since John I, he always fell a bit short. Charles Francis III falls short all the way, and so the family returns to the primordial protoplasm, following the Washingtons, Lincolns, and Roosevelts. The American air is not salubrious to dynasties.

H. L. MENCKEN

Men in Battle

Generals Die in Bed. By Charles Yale Harrison. William Morrow and Company. \$2.50.

Everyman at War. Sixty Personal Narratives of the War. Edited by C. B. Purdon. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.

Her Privates We. By Private 19022. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Captured! By Ferdinand Huszti Horvath. Dodd, Mead and Company. \$2.50.

SCENES of horror and destruction do not necessarily present war as an unattractive experience. Looking back over the present generation of war books, one finds that war has been unconsciously glorified. The personal record of any one man recreating a story of conflict against the social machinery of modern warfare is a melodramatic spectacle of extraordinary power. From a strictly personal point of view the experience of war is almost never without its elements of heroism, particularly if the individual happens to be an officer in absolute control over a large number of men. It is only when war is realized as a mass performance, sordid in its immediate objective and unintelligent in its waste of human life and effort, that the actual horror of war experience begins to take effect in no uncertain terms.

The value of Charles Yale Harrison's sketches of trench warfare lies in the fact that the author is convincingly anonymous. Beyond his gift for writing rapid-fire, hard-hitting prose, Mr. Harrison has the knack of submerging his personality in the lives of his fellow-privates serving as Canadian shock troops on the British front line. The men's real enemies were officers, rats, lice, and bad food. The business of serving as shock troops left them no time for detailed introspection. Those who were lucky received a "blighty" wound. The rest had to fight on somehow, attacking, retreating, deserting, clawing at extra portions of food at mess or an extra bottle of wine at the *estaminet*; the miracle was to stay alive. Mr.

Harrison's story of the looting of Arras by the Canadian troops is a piece of superlative reporting. If after reading "Generals Die in Bed" you have any enthusiasm left for the glorious aspects of modern warfare, you have a strong and excessively non-realistic imagination.

It may be noted that of the sixty personal narratives of the World War contained in "Everyman at War" the most convincing accounts are written by privates and that they sustain the point of view projected by Mr. Harrison. The collection is admittedly an experiment in the use of social documentation, but it is neither extensive enough nor of sufficient unity of purpose to be of any permanent value.

In contrast to Mr. Harrison's vivid series of war sketches we have a full-bodied war novel in "Her Privates We," which has received an unusual measure of praise from popular reviewers in the English press. Arnold Bennett, evidently under pressure of great excitement, believes that this novel written by one of his Majesty's privates, regimental number 19022, "will be remembered when 'All Quiet on the Western Front' is forgotten."

Very likely "Her Privates We" has won legitimate popularity in England by representing a sublimation of the English public's reaction to the World War. The prevailing atmosphere throughout the novel is one of casual disillusionment and melancholy. The story is told with discreet honesty and dignity. The day-to-day monotony of trench warfare is faithfully suggested. Private Bourne, the protagonist, is obviously a product of the English public schools, a man of literary and cultural refinement. Uneasily you suspect that his attitude toward his fellow-privates is that of a weary, sadly amused member of a slumming party from Park Avenue on a visit to the Bowery. Bourne heroically carries his burden as a private, refusing to accept offers of a commission from his officers, with whom he is on the best of terms. At last he consents to a lance-corporalship (after all, he is a member of the ruling class) but is killed before he assumes command. For all its calm understatement of incident, the novel is the familiar overdramatization of the individual's reaction to war. Bourne dies in a pale haze of perverted glory.

"Captured!" the confessions of an Austrian lieutenant taken prisoner by the Russians, is a good old-fashioned example of Hearst Sunday feature-writing. Lieutenant Horvath does not allow a little thing like war to interfere with his ability to make love to the ladies. His affair with the wife of a Russian official is priceless. His generalities concerning the Revolution of 1917 are irresistibly comic and always inaccurate.

HORACE GREGORY

A Cultural Survey

The Great Revival, 1543-1687. (A History of Modern Culture. Volume I.) By Preserved Smith. Henry Holt and Company. \$5.

PROFESSOR SMITH considers culture as synonymous with the intellectual life of man, and he has undertaken the elaborate work of which this is the first instalment because, while there have been histories of parts of the subject such as literature, science, or religion, there has been "hardly any history of that complex whole that includes knowledge, belief, morals, law, customs, opinions, religion, superstition, and art." He begins, accordingly, with a survey of the state and progress of astronomy, physics, mathematics, geography, biology, anatomy, and science generally in the century and a half with which he deals; follows this with a similar survey of the humanities as represented by philosophy, political theory, historiography, and Biblical and classical

scholarship; goes on to education, religion, free thought, superstition, persecution, tolerance, and law as illustrations of "social control"; and concludes with a summary view of morals and manners, literature, and art. Save for a few references to colonial America, what is said applies only to Europe.

Not even a genius of the first water could possibly be an expert in all these fields, and the ablest attempt to sweep them all into a comprehensive view of intellectual history must lean heavily upon the findings of specialists. A good deal of what Professor Smith has to say, therefore, must be set down as compilation. It is intelligent and skilful compilation, however, and while Professor Smith's style is not enlivening, his pages are illumined by frequent well-turned phrases and clever observations which make the matter-of-fact narrative agreeable reading. On the whole, the book is to be adjudged a work of solid information and summary rather than one of notable insight or arresting interpretation.

WILLIAM MACDONALD

Religion as a Literary Affair

Religion in Human Affairs. By Clifford Kirkpatrick. John Wiley and Sons. \$4.50.

God. By J. Middleton Murry. Harper and Brothers. \$3.

The Cradle of God. By Llewelyn Powys. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$3.

Adventures in Religion. By Basil King. Doubleday, Doran and Company. \$2.50.

A NYONE desiring a religious literary digest should turn to Professor Kirkpatrick's book. It is an exceptionally judicious and competent compendium of current ideas about religion. Practically every theme and name which figures in recent literature on the subject is mentioned here and is succinctly assigned to its proper or improper place. The author is to be congratulated on his skill and candor in assorting systematically several hundreds of cards containing thousands of bits of information and constructing them into a clear, useful, and unconventional textbook. Unfortunately he was compelled to omit the first section as projected, a survey of three typical primitive religions, and unfortunately the editor did not take time to elide all the references to this eliminated section.

As it stands the book has two parts. The first is a critical résumé of anthropological theories of religion, culminating in what the author calls a "synthetic distinction" between religion and other culture patterns. The resultant conception of religion is compounded of several prominent theories and is formulated thus: religion is "a culture pattern with an emotion of reverence, a belief in mysterious powers, and non-coercive behavior bringing man into relation to these powers." Such a theory of religion, though more catholic in its sympathies than others, is still largely preoccupied with the psychological distinctions between emotion, belief, and behavior and with the anthropological distinctions between religion, magic, and animism. These distinctions are doubtless of practical value to the scientist and are indispensable to the reader in this field, but it would be refreshing and probably revealing to see a directly social approach to religion in terms of human affairs. Therefore the high hopes raised by the title and by the general aim of the book cause the reader to be annoyed by the long theoretical discussions, and when he finally reaches "human affairs" in Chapters VIII and IX he is dismayed by the cursory treatment which is meted out to what is presumably the main theme.

There is a second part of the book, devoted almost ex-

clusively to a consideration of recent issues in American discussion of the Christian religion. In this the author has an opportunity to make a more detailed analysis of the human affairs at stake. But the reader is again disappointed, for the only human affairs which receive serious attention are science and technology. Of religion's role in the other human affairs listed in Chapters VIII and IX (social organization, morals, patriotism, and the fine arts) there is certainly much to be said at present and much that requires the kind of analysis which only a trained sociologist could make. Instead, we are treated once more to a competent review of the hackneyed theme of modern science and Christian mythology. The nearest approach to a critical study of other social phases of religion today is to be found in the chapter on Religious Disorganization, in which the author develops the thesis that, despite the theories and efforts directed toward unification, the general tendency in religion seems to be an increasing individualism and differentiation of cults. Two fundamental prejudices are conspicuous in Professor Kirkpatrick, prejudices which would be natural enough in a Protestant Christian but which are somewhat unseemly in a sociologist: one, that culturally "pure" religion is characterized by reverence; the other, that ritual is merely an "institutional adjunct" of religion. Certainly a disinterested study of primitive religion and of many of the most popular and vital aspects of all great religions would make such statements appear to be criticisms and not descriptions of the facts. Such statements are natural consequences of the common habit of explaining religion in terms of beliefs in "mysterious powers" instead of in terms of the human affairs which generate them. And such habits probably explain the subordination of both religion and human affairs to science and theology.

The love of J. Middleton Murry for Katherine Mansfield, the story of which forms the first and last chapters of Mr. Murry's book entitled "God," is a case in point, and I shall use it to illustrate the way in which religion grows out of at least one kind of human affairs. Mr. Murry and Miss Mansfield were romantically (that is, genuinely) in love; at least, he was. She was stricken with tuberculosis and in despair came under the spell of the Gurdjieff cult, whose inappropriate rites hastened her tragic death. These events completely crushed Mr. Murry. In moral and intellectual anguish he lost all sense of reality, his own reality included. Suddenly one evening as he sat desolate before his fireplace:

A moment came [he tells us] when the darkness of that ocean changed to light, the cold to warmth; when it swept in one great wave over the shores and frontiers of myself, when it bathed me and I was renewed; when the room was filled with a presence, and I knew I was not alone—that I never could be alone any more, that the universe beyond held no menace, for I was part of it, that in some way for which I had sought in vain so many years, I belonged, and because I belonged I was no longer I, but something different, which could never be afraid in the old ways or cowardly with the old cowardice. . . . The "presence" of Katherine Mansfield was of the same order as the "presence" which filled the room and me. In so far as the "presence" was connected with her it had a moral quality, or a moral effect; I was immediately and deeply convinced that "all was well with her."

Whatever may be the delusion connected with this experience, and whatever its physiology, its consequences were too real to allow him to dismiss it as a mere illusion. It produced a process of "disintoxication" whereby he was not only "spiritually" and permanently reunited with the one he loved, but was reconciled to the universe; and this reconciliation, as it grew on his mind, was transformed into a general reconciliation between science and religion. It did not reconcile him to God; it taught him that he no longer needed God. For

just as his bodily life was part of the living world, so his "soul" was an intrinsic event in the "metabiological organic unity of the world." He discovered that he, as well as every other "pure phenomenon," was incomprehensible; nevertheless he was a creative variation in the cultural organism.

Now, whether or not Mr. Murry is a "pure" phenomenon, he is certainly a religious one, and his religion is evidently the product of his need for Katherine Mansfield, not of his need for God. He is now quite willing to grant the Roman Catholic church a monopoly of God, at least of the Christian God; he makes no claim to have found God, and even upbraids Spinoza for having labeled his and Mr. Murry's discovery God. He does not worship the "metabiological organic whole" nor does he love it. He simply understands his relation to it and "accepts himself." "God" and I, one might almost say, are a little tired of each other. It is time for us to part. This book is the story of the parting. It seems to me that we part on good terms, better, far better, than I should have ever imagined possible."

Since it has been my aim here to present Mr. Murry as a religious case history for Professor Kirkpatrick, I have emphasized the "spiritual autobiography" in his book. Of course it contains more—a whole mythology. He selects from among the romantic geniuses or "pure phenomena" three as illustrative of his theory: Jesus, Keats, and D. H. Lawrence—men who, though given to romantic illusions, are permanently significant as patterns of metabiological coherence. This is no place to argue with Mr. Murry, and a metaphysician cannot, of course, complain when he is plagued by a metabiologist. But I might merely confess that I can follow the argument, except for his talk about organic unity. There may be, for all I know, a general trend in evolution from "prebiological to biological to metabiological life" and, I might add, to super-metabiological life, but I see no evidence either in Mr. Murry, in his book, or in the emergent cosmos for a universal organic coherence, not even metabiological coherence. The intelligible problem is not: what is my significance for the universe? but what significance has the universe for me? I suspect that Mr. Murry himself is really more worried about his romantic newness than about his permanent significance. As he says, "The strain of being a new man in an old world is terrible.

Llewelyn Powys's "The Cradle of God" is apparently intended to be a Rabelaisian account of the Bible. Knowing little about Rabelais, I hesitate to criticize the book on this score. It is true, the characters stalk through its pages in a Gargantuan manner—from Abraham, with "vital loins, itching to beget thousands," to Saint Paul, whose boundless egoism developed the theory that Christ was in him and perverted "Christ's illumination" into the "flowing-away, world-undermining doctrine about the weak overcoming the strong, the foolish overcoming the clever, the things that are not overcoming those that are." God himself is introduced as "the God of jealousy, the jealous father of men . . . that strange, barbarous, adolescent absolute, so dependent upon the savor the generations gave him, so dependent on what the prophets said of him! Real and yet unreal! Creator and not created! Very God of very man!" Samuel is the "dour old man who never took an ox or an ass, and never uttered a civil word except in his prayers." Such characterizations may provoke a Rabelaisian grin, but are more apt to end in a Voltairean smile. When we come to the prophets, the later kings, the captivity, the restoration, the Maccabean revolt, and to Christ, we see what we suspected earlier, that Mr. Powys has been following the conventional history of the critics, filling in a little with Josephus and the Apocrypha. The prophets, with the exception of the obsessed Elijah persecuting the urbane Queen Jezebel, are portrayed along conventional Christian lines, leading

up to the Messianic prophecy of Isaiah. The portrayal of Jesus, though perhaps not conventional, is an oversentimental tour de force. Most artificial of all is the representation of Jesus as the end-product and culmination of Jewish history, for in this Mr. Powys abandons all historical perspective, all critical insight, and blatantly exploits Christian prejudices. On the whole, the book is marred continually by excessive stylistic effort; the author is too evidently preoccupied with the art of writing to present his subject matter convincingly. But after this is said, it remains true that there are frequent bits of unusual insight and expressions of surpassing force or beauty. The majority of readers, however, will no doubt prefer to take both their Bible and their Rabelais straight.

"Adventures in Religion," by Basil King, is a diverting Victorian farce. It takes us back a generation or two into an old-fashioned family circle—the father reading the paper, the mother sewing; Ellie asks her mother, "What is a church?" and Bobby goes her one better by asking father, "What is religion?" Father lies awake pondering the question, plagues his office mates for an answer, and finally finds a satisfactory solution for Bobby in the dictionary. One question leads to another and each question requires a brief sermon in reply; each sermon requires a chapter, and at the end of each chapter the "dutiful" Bobby is delighted to know the answer and eagerly asks the next question. About two-thirds of the way through, mother gets interested in father's ideas too, and begins to ask questions similar to those of the children. It all ends as happily as possible for such a family, by the children being baptized, the poor relatives being subsidized, and the parents admitting that a church is an obligation. These are the dangers of answering childish questions, and these are the religious "adventures" of Basil King.

HERBERT W. SCHNEIDER

Women in Germany

Germany's Women Go Forward. By Hugh Wiley Puckett. Columbia University Press. \$4.50.

FOR in the distance are the watchwords of the old German Empire—"Kinder, Küche, und Kirche." The position of women in Germany has radically changed during the past two decades. How much of this progress is due to the efforts of women themselves is a moot question. Mr. Hugh Puckett has presented a most interesting survey of the woman's movement in Germany against a shifting background of political and economic events. His thesis is that there are three phases in the history of the woman's movement—in Germany as in other modern countries. The first was the phase of the man-made criterion, when the ideal woman approximated what man conceived her to be. This was the period of *Frauendienst*, the age of chivalry, as well as the age of the accepted inferiority of women. The second phase was dominated by the conception that women had a personality apart from the masculine idealization. In this phase women sought to emulate men, to secure their so-called "rights," and to approximate their vices. The third phase is the one in which women have rediscovered their individuality: "Instead of claiming that they can do anything that men can do, they are willing to divide the field of culture with men, admitting men's superiority in certain lines and claiming their own in others."

German literature of the early half of the eighteenth century is full of the philosophical discussions concerning women to be found in English literature of a century or so before. There was the author who with typical German *Gründlichkeit* wrote five volumes on an "Attempt to Characterize the Feminine Sex." This was concluded by a prayer from the

author to "deliver him from learned women; they expect men to please them instead of themselves trying to please." And yet according to the writings of Tacitus, and even the old German legends, the women of the early German tribes were the equals of men and frequently their superiors. The decay of medieval society and the advent of the Reformation caused a shifting in the values placed upon the sex. Women were put into the chimney corner; they became the butt of masculine jests.

The eighteenth century found many individual women struggling for education, for the right of self-expression in art, poetry, and literature. The French Revolution too had its liberalizing effect in Germany. New ideas and expressions were bandied around in the salons of Rachel Varnhagen, Henriette Herz, and Dorothea Mendelssohn. It was not until the nineteenth century, however, with the greater industrialization of Germany, that organizations were created for the purpose of securing more rights and privileges for women. These organizations represented primarily the bourgeois women. The workingwomen found no champions until late in the nineteenth century, when the Socialist Party, with such leaders as August Bebel, attempted to formulate a program for working-class women.

Women's entrance into politics came through the recent war. Several million women then found themselves in the economic trenches—and for the first time the old-line political parties took cognizance of them. Since the war German women, like those of practically every other country, have forged ahead in the fields of education, literature, and the arts, and have grasped new privileges in their legal, social, and economic relations. Whether they have attained the third phase in their development the author does not state.

TERESA WOLFSON

Father and Son

John Sebastian Bach. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. \$7.50.

John Christian Bach. By Charles Sanford Terry. Oxford University Press. \$8.50.

ONE might be tempted to question the necessity for a new biography of John Sebastian Bach when we already have the voluminous and comprehensive studies, weighty with scholarship, by Sweitzer and Spitta. True, Mr. Terry is deservedly considered the greatest contemporary authority on Bach—but what new things can be said at this late date which have not already been said more convincingly and more thoroughly? Nor does a careful reading of the book answer the question. The work, it is true, is solidly compact, full of informative material; but Mr. Terry has added nothing to what we already know. Its greatest use, I am afraid, will be only to those who have not the courage, the patience, or the time to struggle through Spitta and Sweitzer.

Mr. Terry's biography of John Christian Bach is another story. This is not only the first biography in English of Sebastian's youngest, and greatest, son, but it is also the most painstaking work on the subject which we have today. The reticence on the part of biographers toward devoting their research to John Christian has puzzled musicians for a long time. His was a personality far more picturesque than that of his father: he walked arm in arm with Frederick the Great; he occupied the post at the English court left vacant by the death of Handel; he held little Wolfgang Mozart upon his knee and prophesied a great future for him; he was in the milieu of musical activity for more than fifty years. But John Christian was something infinitely more than a noteworthy

musical figure. He was also a pioneer in his art, whose influence is inestimable. He stood at the parting of the ways. Behind him were Handel and the great Sebastian Bach, his father; ahead of him were Haydn and Mozart. John Christian Bach is the link that binds the chain. He gave a dignity and significance to orchestral music which was then unheard-of; his Sinfonias afforded models for Haydn and Mozart; his solo works gave a greater plasticity to the clavichord. Finally, John Christian was the composer of many works, fresh, original, and vital. If he had not the profundity or grandeur of his great father, he had, at least, something almost as precious—a fragile touch, a delicacy, an infallible artistry. No wonder young Mozart worshiped John Christian! "On the platform of his generation," Mr. Terry writes, "Bach [John Christian] owes his honorable position not to the inheritance of a great name, but to his own eclectic genius and indomitable industry."

The work fills a sad gap and fills it completely. Mr. Terry deserves the gratitude of the entire music world.

DAVID EWEN

One Kind of Patriotism

George Harvey: A Passionate Patriot. By Willis Fletcher Johnson. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$5.

GEORGE HARVEY would be pleased if he could know also controversial; and he would be more than pleased if he knew that there are some excellent examples of scurrility in the book. Harvey threw on just such stuff. It would be impossible in limited space to point out all the dubious statements that are here attributed to Harvey or those that Mr. Johnson makes in his own right. According to Mr. Johnson, for example, Harvey told the Democratic bosses at Baltimore in 1912, including the late Roger Sullivan of Illinois, that if they voted for Wilson they need expect nothing in return. Mr. Johnson either does not know or does not care to point out that Wilson made an effort to reward Sullivan, who did vote for him, when Sullivan ran for the Senate. Wilson wrote a letter indorsing Sullivan but by a series of accidents the letter was not made public.

The story is told in Tumulty's "Woodrow Wilson," where the letter is reproduced. Bryan opposed Sullivan's candidacy to pay off the grudge he had entertained against Sullivan since 1906. Sullivan was defeated.

Elsewhere Mr. Johnson writes that Bryan forced himself on the Democratic Party in 1908. This is hardly true; Bryan's sentiment that year was overwhelming. Again, Mr. Johnson would have it that Harvey implanted the idea of the League of Nations in Wilson's mind, and that Wilson got the California vote in 1916 by "an extraordinary manipulation." He quotes Harvey as saying, honestly enough apparently, that Harding received the nomination in 1920 "because there was nothing against him, and because the delegates wanted to go home," but he then lays himself out to show how Harvey believed Harding to be a great President, a man of power and vision. He quotes a memorandum which Harvey made of a conversation with Coolidge immediately after the latter had assumed the Presidency, in which Coolidge is made to appear shockingly close to ignorant of every problem before him; and he then glorifies Coolidge. Fall and Denby, we are told, resigned under "unpleasant circumstances." The Boston police strike was "part of a practical conspiracy for a general strike of the police of the nation." Mr. Johnson paraphrases an article of Harvey's showing that in the election of 1924 there was a "practical conspiracy of some Democrats and the followers of the Radical

candidate, La Follette, to throw the election into the House." The number of "practical conspiracies" that Harvey frustrated is simply amazing.

These things may seem trivial enough in themselves, but they indicate the tone of the book. Taking him all in all, Harvey, even under Mr. Johnson's eulogistic handling, appears to have been little more than an intriguing politician of the back-stairs variety with a genius for controversial journalism. I have a suspicion that he would have been happiest in the days before the Civil War when personal journalism flourished. He could then have broken heads right and left, and he would have done it with immense gusto.

By far the most interesting part of the book is that which deals with Harvey's relations with Wilson. As Mr. Johnson tells it, Harvey made Wilson Governor of New Jersey and had an appreciable part in securing his nomination for the Presidency. He adduces evidence to show that Harvey was not fooled into believing that Wilson was a conservative. That was Wilson's conception of himself and he made every effort to underline the idea. His subsequent liberalism was less essentially a part of his mentality than his conservatism. The conflict with the New Jersey bosses is also made understandable, as is also Wilson's acceptance of their aid to win the governorship. With regard to the Manhattan Club episode, where Wilson abruptly told Harvey that his support was embarrassing, Mr. Johnson shows that Henry Watterson was much more bent upon making trouble about the affair than was Harvey himself, and demonstrates from documents that Wilson apologized to Harvey and attempted once more to enlist his support.

One or two interesting points about Bryan are also brought out. The most important is that Bryan deliberately inserted the word "ultimately" in his famous Madison Square Garden speech, in 1906, dealing with government ownership of railways ("I have already reached the conclusion that railways . . . must ultimately become public property"); he did not seize upon it later to justify his repudiation of the doctrine as a campaign issue in 1908, and although his retreat was undignified and disastrous it was not unforeseen on his part. Altogether Mr. Johnson has written a valuable and interesting, if unreliable, book which no one interested in the intimate history of America in the last thirty years can afford to overlook.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

Books in Brief

Laments for the Living. By Dorothy Parker. The Viking Press. \$2.50.

Dorothy Parker has become, of course, an institution. Her jests and witticisms start traveling as soon as they are uttered—sometimes even before. Her verses are read and quoted everywhere. And her recent series of merciless and brilliant reviews in the *New Yorker* were the talk of the town. The present volume of short stories, ironic character sketches, tragic or satiric monologues and dialogues is her first work of fiction. All of the pieces have appeared before in various magazines, where they were at once devoured by Parker enthusiasts and retold to their friends and families. And all are in her well-known vein whether the intent be humor or tragedy, constituting with the rest of her works a biting, satiric, and witty philosophy of despair. But the stories are too few and too slight to be seriously considered as more than a beginning which looks interesting.

Lope de Vega. By Angel Flores. Brentano's. \$3.50

Mr. Flores's biography of the gallant literary figure whom Cervantes called "the monster of nature" presents another spry

recruit to the ranks of romanticized lives, and even the most carping critic must admit that it is an interesting and informative portrait. Lope de Vega—soldier, poet, playwright, friar, convict, duelist, and lover extraordinary—was the Casanova of his age. The same mingling of craft, vanity, and lust dominated the Spaniard as the Italian. Both coveted fame and immortality; neither is read today.

Painted against the picturesque scenes of the turbulent reign of Philip II, the Inquisition, and the naval disaster of the Spanish Armada, the colorful life of de Vega is given skilful and fluent interpretation. "Lope de Vega" reveals a sycophant and opportunist merging inseparably with a deadly satirist; a masterful lover, a gay romanticist, and deep beneath, a man who always found "plenty of time to write and dream." Indeed, the astounding total of Lope de Vega's writings, some 2,200 plays plus numerous eclogues, romances, and sonnets, remains today his chief and perhaps only bid for contemporary recognition. It is significant that whereas practically nothing of de Vega's is read nowadays, his contemporary and rival whom he continuously belittled, Miguel de Cervantes, is celebrated far beyond the borders of his native Spain.

A Bravery of Earth. By Richard Eberhart. Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. \$2.

Richard Eberhart, a young American in Cambridge, has made a very serious attempt in his long poem "A Bravery of Earth" to trace the development of man's awareness to various types of experience—sensual, mental, and spiritual—and to describe man's final assimilation of all these into an impersonal and objective attitude toward life. That the poem is rather immature, overpretentious, and dull does not blind the reader to the fact that the young poet may some day write much better. He has leaped beyond himself here and he has been

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Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Andersen Nexö. Peter Smith. \$3.50.

The reissuance of "Pelle the Conqueror" in a single well-bound volume is a valuable contribution to the library of proletarian fiction. Published originally in four volumes, this Marxian tetralogy of man's inspiring struggle against the numbing forces of modern industrialism has achieved a merited success. Translations have appeared in many languages and the work has gained an appreciative audience here and in Europe. Although handicapped by a patently socialistic theme, the book evades the pitfall of monotony which awaits most treatise fiction. The sociological element is used chiefly as an illuminating background against which the persevering figure of Pelle, who symbolizes the working classes, is revealed in definite and unsentimental lines.

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International Relations Section

Ferment in the Arabic World

By FELIX VALYI

I

THE Arab-Jewish difficulties in Palestine brought out again the sentiment of hostility toward Islam as a menace to the West which has dominated the Occidental mind for centuries. In spite of all the changes which have affected human thought since the Middle Ages, in spite of the modern doctrine of universal tolerance in religious matters, none of the nations by which Islam is confronted in her effort to survive have really changed their mind toward her. Under the name of "civilization" the spirit of the Crusades remained a continuous reality in the dealings of European Powers with Islam. The unrest caused by the latest events in Palestine among the Mohammedans of the world is due to their feeling that the Arabs as a nation have been refused that "equality of treatment" which the whole East claims as the basic principle of peace.

In her periods of conquest and glory Islam herself did not grant "equality of treatment" to non-Moslem peoples, though under the more enlightened Mohammedan rulers of past centuries the religious minorities—far from suffering persecution—were admitted to the highest positions. To quote only one example, in Mohammedan Spain, at the court of Andalusia, Christians and Jews cooperated with Mohammedan scholars to create one of the most brilliant cultures of all times. Recent discoveries of a Catholic priest in Madrid have demonstrated in the most fascinating way how the Mohammedan literature of thirteenth-century Andalusia inspired the "Divine Comedy," the greatest poem of Christianity.

But the interdependence of all cultures known in history is a very recent discovery of scholars who have no influence on political emotions. From the psychological point of view European consciousness regards Islam as a source of danger to civilization, a popular opinion which gave to the Arab uprisings a more than local significance. It is this state of hostility between two different worlds which makes partisanship in such conflicts the first thing to avoid.

Is the ferment in the soul of Islam really such a danger to "civilization," or is it rather a sign of fundamental change which ultimately may bring the whole Mohammedan world to a better understanding of modern life? To answer such a question, we should not forget that Islam is just beginning to recover from a long period of decay brought about by centuries of bigotry and intellectual stagnation. Orthodox Mohammedanism may have such temporary triumphs as the reaction in Afghanistan, but it cannot reverse the historical and psychological process which forces the Moslem nations to reconsider the fundamentals of life.

The downfall of the Ottoman empire has been a death-blow to orthodox Islam from which she will never recover entirely. As long as the Caliphate existed, orthodox Islam found support in the consciousness that there was still upon the earth a world factor under the acknowledged leadership of a spiritual and temporal ruler commanding the faithful of Europe and Asia. The self-respect of the old

generation among the Moslems depended on that feeling. It inspired their fidelity to stereotyped traditions. Now, with their political center hopelessly destroyed, they have become like sheep without a shepherd, scattered in spiritual anarchy among the strong peoples of the earth.

For five centuries Constantinople was the assembling place for Moslem pilgrims west of the Ural Mountains. It could never be replaced by any new center farther south among the Arabs. Religious disintegration appears as a natural consequence caused by the destruction of the Caliphate. It is a strange revenge of destiny to see the Turk, whom Europe has for so many centuries held to be the symbolic figure of Islam, destroying the theocratic idea in the Mohammedan world. Strong though Ibn Saud, the King of the Hejaz and Sultan of the Nejd, may be in his own realm, he will be powerless to influence the general flow of Mohammedan thought outside the Arabian desert. Henceforth the unity of Islam does not depend on political power, but on some kind of spiritual consensus which cannot be obtained without a thoroughgoing reform of Mohammedan institutions. It is not the loss of territorial sovereignty or the loss of population which has caused the decay of Islam; it is primarily the influence of Western ideas and aims of life which creates the new situation. The loss of moral and spiritual force made it impossible for orthodox Islam to support the burden of a world empire in the face of Western civilization. So far as the lessons of history avail, the defeat of orthodox Islam during the last three centuries was inevitable.

One of the intellectual leaders of modern Islam, the late Syed Ameer Ali, Mohammedan legal expert of the British Privy Council, explained in his famous book, "The Spirit of Islam," how the orthodox clergy among the Mohammedans destroyed the school of free thought which existed until the eighth century of the Hegira, our fourteenth century, which saw the beginnings of scientific thought in the West. The formidable struggle between the ideas of free criticism and the principle of unchanging authority which convulsed the Mohammedan world from the tenth to the fourteenth century ended in the triumph of rigid ecclesiastical dogmatism, in spite of the powerful appeal which eminent thinkers of Islam made to the progressive forces inherent in the cultural life of the community. The rationalistic school of the so-called Mu'Tazilites demanded a new interpretation of the fundamental concepts of Islam, laying down as a principle the individual responsibility of man and his capacity for judging between good and evil and for allowing himself to be guided in the right road by God through an act of free moral choice.

After a desperate struggle of four centuries, Mohammedan rationalism ended in complete defeat. The spiritual development of Islam was thus paralyzed by the fanaticism of the orthodox mind. A formalistic scholasticism took possession of Mohammedan teaching from the fourteenth century onwards, that is to say from the very moment when,

in Europe, scholasticism was in its death agonies and modern science was taking its first steps in the West. The authority of factitious ecclesiastic traditions weighed down the Mohammedan world; as in medieval Europe the cause of freedom of thought succumbed before the ecclesiastical principle. Centuries of intellectual sterility followed upon the result of this conflict and prevented the Mohammedan world from adapting itself to new conditions of life.

II

The old slogans of holy wars and pan-Islamism are dying away under the influence of Western ideas. The reactionary school of Mohammedan thought cannot prevail in face of the political, intellectual, and economic changes brought about by the impelling power of Western science. The example of Turkey was the greatest impulse which the Mohammedan world has received since Mohammed's time. Those who believe that Islam will be destroyed by the new mentality invoke Lord Cromer's opinion that Islam cannot be reformed without ceasing to be. No system of religious and social thought can survive the changes of life if its leaders refuse to reconsider its relationship to the needs of the living generation. The reinterpretation of its essentials and its adaptation to the spirit of the new times can still save the permanent human values which inspired the finest minds among the Mohammedans.

The clash of ideas in the present generation is precisely the one great hope of Mohammedan reform. In the face of her muftis and sheiks Turkey has replaced the old Islamic law by a Western code, and has set up a new educational system on progressive lines. In Egypt the storm created by the publication of Dr. Taha Hussein's book on pre-Islamic poetry in 1926 has shown how much the Mohammedan youth of Egypt stand for free criticism. Dr. Taha Hussein was professor of Arabic at the Egyptian University of Cairo. By his critical method of dealing with his subject, by his conclusions contrary to orthodox views about the sanctity of every word in the Koran, he provoked the Ulemas of Al Azhar, the center of old-fashioned ecclesiasticism. His book tried to demonstrate a new thesis about the origins of Arabic poetry, showing that a few of its greatest masterpieces have nothing to do with Mohammed and had been interpolated in later times; they are of pre-Islamic origin, though they form part of the Koran. All copies of Dr. Taha's book were bought up and destroyed and the matter was brought before the Egyptian Parliament. The orthodox leaders demanded the immediate dismissal of the author from the university and insisted on proceedings against him in the religious courts. The resolution had to be withdrawn and the orthodox agitation fell flat in face of the action of the liberal students.

The cleavage between the old reactionary forces and the new movements of liberal thought is apparent in the whole Mohammedan world today. In every Mohammedan country there is a struggle for free discussion, for modern education, for a new interpretation of Koranic traditions, and for social reform. The temporary triumph of the reaction in Afghanistan, due to psychological mistakes of the ex-king, cannot alter the general situation.

The longing of the Arabic world for national unity shows once more that in the Mohammedan mind, as in the mind of Western peoples, nationality is now put above

religion. A hundred Arabic newspapers and magazines in Egypt, and about sixty-five in Syria and Palestine, are emphasizing the national point of view. Heresy hunting has little chance to win their support.

Even among the sheiks of Al Azhar the spirit of reinterpretation makes headway. Sheik Abdel Razek's recent book on "Islam and the Principles of Government" propounded the theory that the Moslem code is intended solely as a guide to personal conduct, and not for purposes of the state. He goes so far as to deny the fundamental significance of the Caliphate in Islamic thought, and thinks it did more harm than good. Moreover, when Sheik Abdel Razek was tried by the Supreme Council of Al Azhar for heresy, he had to be acquitted and the Arabic press hailed him as a champion of free thought.

In fact, all the open or secret attempts to restore the Caliphate in one of the Arabic-speaking countries have failed. The Mohammedan Congress of Cairo for the restoration of the Caliphate was a lamentable failure. The Mecca Congress, organized under the auspices of Ibn Saud, had more to do with the practical problems of Mohammedan policy, without settling anything. The Moslems of India under the leadership of the late Hakim Adjmal Khan and Dr. Ansari, one of the most enlightened Mohammedans, thoroughly westernized, refused to take a partisan point of view. During their tour of the Mohammedan East in 1925 these leaders insisted on the necessity of studying carefully the problem before making any decision. Attempts to make over the Caliphate into a corporate body of Mohammedan intellectual leaders on democratic lines, for the purpose of religious and social reform, did not materialize because of the lack of agreement on essential principles.

III

The common agreement of the Mohammedan world cannot be obtained to any of the suggestions hitherto proposed. And without such a consensus if it remains unwritten nothing can be done to restore the unity of Islam. Meanwhile Soviet Russia handles her own Mohammedan problem on the Black Sea and in Central Asia in the usual revolutionary way. If the Bolshevik methods prevail for the next twenty years, Islam will be destroyed on the confines of Russia. France and England restrict themselves to watching the Mohammedan movements without interfering officially with religious affairs. But the missionary efforts continue in North Africa and in India, with a new approach and more psychological knowledge of the Mohammedan mind, though without much hope of success.

The theocratic idea of a Mohammedan empire on the old orthodox line has definitely disappeared from the mind of responsible people among the educated classes. National consciousness has become the important factor in all vital decisions. During the revolution in Egypt in 1920 under Zaglul's leadership the nationalists used a flag on which the Cross and Crescent both appeared in order to demonstrate that their movement had nothing to do with pan-Islamism. Mohammedans addressed meetings in Christian churches, and Christians (Copts) spoke in mosques.

The Arabic movement for unity outside Egypt is tending in the same direction. The Arabic struggle is a struggle for and not against westernization. It wants to imitate the example of the West. More and more, religion is re-

garded as a matter for the individual conscience, and not a subject for compulsory state legislation. King Feisal himself, in spite of his old-fashioned personal education, is thoroughly in favor of complete westernization of his Iraqi kingdom. Bedouins now learn in night schools to read and write. Before returning to Bagdad from the Congress of Versailles, which created the kingdom of Iraq, Feisal paid his respect to the Pope in Rome, offering his services to reconcile the Christians and Moslems of the Near East. Reza Shah in Persia is after much the same kind of thing as Feisal.

The whole fabric of Islam is affected by the new ideas. At first sight it seems solely a cheap imitation of our Western superficialities. And to some extent this is so. But those who observed the wonderful work of the educational institutions founded by American philanthropists in the Near East, such as the American University of Beirut, know that under the influence of the ideas of 1776 the Mohammedan peoples are awakening to a new consciousness toward the world.

Is it the end of Islam? I do not believe so. Islam survived fourteen centuries of historical storms as an emotional attitude toward life. The break-up of orthodox Mohammedanism simply means that Islam will slowly rediscover her own finer traditions. The dogmatic concepts of later Islam can be discarded without harm. If the East wants to be freed from Western economic exploitation, it has to learn the Western ways of organizing life. If Mohammedans want to live their own lives unfettered by Western control, they must accept Western science as the basic condition of self-government. The secularization of Islam is the first step. But universalism as a spiritual fac-

tor which inspired the best minds in Islam will always remain an essential condition of any lasting reform. In the Moslem world neither birth nor color has prevented men from reaching the highest positions. If educated Islam maintains that spirit and extends it to the non-Moslem world, the Near Eastern problem will find its natural solution in the copartnership of East and West for their common good.

Contributors to This Issue

ROBERT HERRICK is the author of "The Common Lot," "Together," and other novels.

CHARMION VON WIEGAND recently spent four months in Russia.

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